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The Literary Digest
for February 15, 1936

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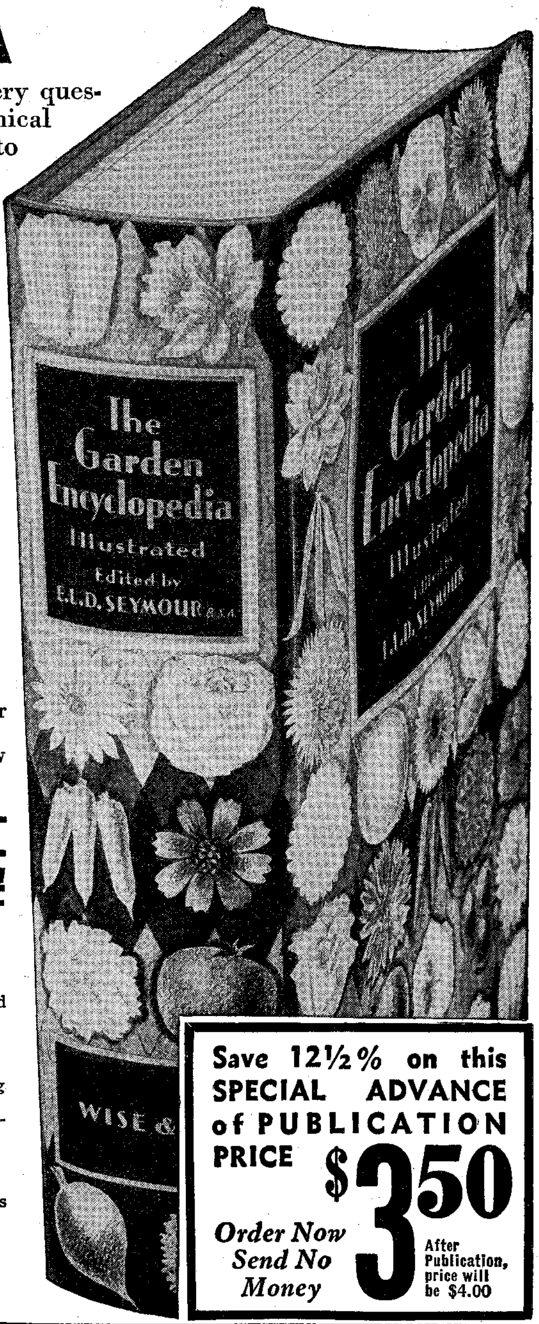

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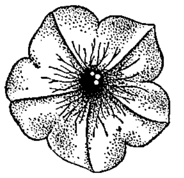

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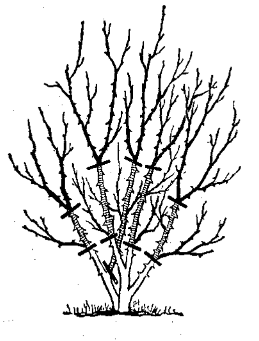

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1936

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Hunting Tall Trees in G. O. P. Grove

Presidential Timber: Borah Appraised, Hoffman Assailed, Knox Uncommitted, Hoover, Vandenberg, and Landon Polish Up Orations

"Senator William E. Borah, often a bridesmaid, but never a bride, at last has been lured to the church steps," remarked Kenneth G. Crawford in the New York *Post* (Ind.) last week.

Senator Borah's announcement last week that he would enter the Ohio primary had put him definitely in the Presidential race. Candidates seeking delegates in the Ohio primary on May 12 must make written declaration of their candidacy.

Ohio makes a logical political testing-ground. It is known as the "Second Mother of Presidents." The Republican convention will be held in Cleveland in June.

Ohio usually has a favorite son in the race, but Representative Chester C. Bolton and Robert A. Taft, two of this year's local Republican aspirants, have not won strong backing.

Anticipating Senator Borah's action, Richard L. Neuberger wrote in *Current History* for February:

"Many of Borah's friends believe that his dallying with the Republican nomination is merely a stratagem to increase his prestige for the impending race against Governor Ross [in Idaho].

"They feel Borah has only an outside chance of becoming the Republican candidate, and several of them even doubt whether he is sincerely seeking the honor. But they all recognize the tremendous political advantage in running for reelection to the Senate as a man outstanding enough to be considered seriously for the highest post in the land.

"Surely the voters of Idaho can not reject for the Senatorship a statesman who might have been President!"

Wide World

Col. Frank Knox, one of the "G. O. P. quintuplets," tours Ohio

Old Guard's Specter

Whatever his motive, Senator Borah's candidacy must give Republicans pause, the Providence *News-Tribune* (Dem.) thinks.

"Thus is the specter that has haunted the Republican Old Guard come to life; it no longer can be laughed off as some figment of the imagination," says the Providence paper. "Borah has left no doubt that his hat is in the ring with the avowed intention of rebuilding the Republican Party by starting a general house-cleaning. The Eastern industrialists and bankers who have dominated for so long are to Borah as so many pole-cats at a lawn-party. His brand of Republicanism and theirs will never mix."

Jilted Suitor

While Senator Borah was preparing to "walk down the aisle," another Republican found himself facing the rôle of jilted suitor.

"Governor Hoffman of New Jersey has got himself into various troubles, which, in the minds of President pickers, have canceled him," declared Arthur Krock in the New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.).

Cries raised when he reprieved Bruno Richard Hauptmann in the Lindbergh kidnaping case still were ringing in Governor Hoffman's ears when the New Jersey Republican Committee stripped him of his State Party leadership last week.

The Committee, voting sternly to "assume its rightful place of leadership," in effect eschewed the future counsel of this thirty-nine-year-old political prodigy (he was State Assemblyman at twenty-six, Mayor of South Amboy at twenty-nine, Congressman at thirty).

The next day, the Committee announced that the action should not be considered as "a slap at the Governor," but, rather, an attempt to protect the Party from exploitation by "selfish cliques and blocs."

"The Republican Party can not hope to clear itself merely by disputing the question of patronage with the Governor," said the Newark *Ledger* (Ind.).

"The Party can not redeem itself before the disappointed electorate unless it meets candidly and courageously the two issues upon which Governor Hoffman has outraged the feelings of those who elected him. These issues are the Governor's conduct in the Hauptmann case, and the scuttling of the economy program."

Between the Borah courtship and the Hoffman rejection, other Republicans continued their flirtation last week with the Cleveland convention.

After Senator Borah entered the Ohio race, Col. Frank Knox's campaign-manager announced that the Chicago publisher also would enter the Ohio primaries to seek delegates. In Cincinnati to speak the next day, Colonel Knox said that he wanted to study the Ohio situation before committing himself. Meanwhile, he continued to stump the State.

For the rest of what the magazine *Today* pictures as the "G.O.P. quintuplets":

Herbert Hoover and Arthur H. Vandenberg put the final commas in their Lincoln's Birthday speeches at Portland, Oregon, and New York City, respectively; Gov. Alfred M. Landon brushed off his "common-sense" program for its second trip outside Kansas—to Lincoln, Nebraska, on February 29.

But, to James Morgan, writing in the Boston *Sunday Globe* (Ind.), Republican hopes do not rest in names.

"The Republican Party has won elections by its own strength, and not by the personal strength of its candidates," he says.

"Blaine, Theodore Roosevelt, Hughes, and Hoover indisputably stand out as the men of the highest caliber among Republican nominees since Lincoln. Now please mark the strange, suggestive fact that Blaine, Hughes, and Hoover were the standard-bearers of the Party in three of the five Presidential contests it has lost in seventy-five years, and that it went down in a fourth defeat with its ranks divided by T.R. Vessels of small displacement have proved themselves better suited than great dreadnoughts for navigating in safety the shoals of Republican politics."

Farley and Ely Swing Verbal Clubs

One Assails, the Other Upholds Smith's Attack on the New Deal; South Hears Roosevelt Will Take Stump Against Talmadge

"Big Jim" Farley decided last week it was about time he interrupted his Florida vacation to swing a club on foes of the New Deal. He did so.

The speech of the Postmaster General, at a Roosevelt dinner in Miami, was one of the strongest of a politically-lively week.

Taking aim at the Liberty League, which roared its approval of Alfred E. Smith's recent assault on the New Deal, he called the League "the center and soul of the predatory powers."

Mr. Farley, the Democratic National Chairman, made no direct reference to Mr. Smith, the Democratic Party's candidate for President in 1928, or to John W. Davis, also a member of the League and the Party's candidate in 1924. But he declared that the League "would perpetuate the sorry business of the Mellons and the Morgans in reducing 95 per cent. of the people to the status of serfs."

After asserting that the Roosevelt Administration had "carried out many of the most important planks" of the 1932 platform, Mr. Farley renewed his attack:

Denounces League

"The Liberty League is the organization of those Bourbons who learn nothing and forget nothing. It would rule America. It would squeeze the worker dry in his old age and cast him like an orange-rind into the refuse-pail.

"The American Liberty League speaks as conclusively for the reactionaries and their Party as does Mr. Hoover, the United States Chamber of Commerce, and the National Manufacturers' Association.

"Indeed, the League is composed in large part of the representatives of that Big Business which brought the nation to the outer rim of ruin. . . .

"They know it is absurd to charge the Roosevelt Administration with being the enemy of business. Its whole successful effort has been to save and restore business and it has accomplished that very thing, just as it has removed the great mass of our people from the jeopardy of economic destruction."

On the same day that Mr. Farley made this attack, Joseph B. Ely, former Democratic Governor of Massachusetts, declared that "the logic of the Smith speech [before the Liberty League] is unanswerable. Senator Robinson did not answer it. His speech was a diversion.

"If you examine it at all, you will see in it a very clear indication that the President forgot the pledges of the Democratic Party, and the fundamental principles of the Constitution, as well as the names of the leaders of his Party, under the beguiling influence of the fanciful theories and impractical schemes of inexperienced men.

"The mind of America must be in a strange plight if persuaded by mere accusation that those who seek to uphold the principles of Constitutional government are rascals, leeches, bloodsuckers, and purveyors of mendacity."

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"Big Jim" Farley "interrupted his vacation to swing a club" on New Deal foes

Another political development last week, according to Washington dispatches, was the prediction that President Roosevelt would "stump" the South just before the Democratic Convention in June to offset the revolt started by Gov. Eugene Talmadge of Georgia and the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution. Plans call for the President to speak in Arkansas, Texas, and perhaps in New Orleans.

Editorial Views

Democratic editors differ about Mr. Farley's speech. The Tampa *Tribune* (Ind.-Dem.) says:

"Farley made a clear, fair, conservative presentation of the national situation. He was incisive in his remarks about the Liberty League, scathingly indicting selfish interests which would 'rule America' as 'porch climbers of high finance.' His eulogy of the President was calm and consistent, not fulsome adulation. The speech should prove a powerful document in the reelection of Roosevelt."

But the Dallas *News* (Ind.-Dem.) has this to say:

"The astute Farley realizes that the mass vote to which the Democratic ticket must appeal will not look behind the head-lines to the facts. The best strategy is to attack and keep on attacking, to add new charges to old, never defend and never prove. At Miami, Br'er Farley was carrying on."

Miners Cold to Green

It was John L. Lewis's turn to move last week in the warfare between industrial and craft unionists within the American Federation of Labor.

He led 1,700 delegates to the United Mine Workers' Convention at Washington in two steps, both of which broke sharply with traditional labor policies.

With frenzied cheering, the miners voted not only to back President Roosevelt, but to contribute from their union treasury to the New Deal campaign chest.

To the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.) this action by the miners "may be regarded as no more than an opening wedge, for there can be little doubt that they and other Labor-Party advocates in organized labor are determined to win a dominant position in the councils of the Democratic Party.

"If they succeed, the Democratic conservatives, instead of taking only a little walk, may be found to have walked clear over into the Republican Party."

The Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* (Ind.-Rep.) minimized the effect of Mr. Lewis's "kicking over the traces."

"It has seldom, if ever," said *The Public Ledger*, "been possible to see that 'labor votes,' as such, played a very vital part in an election. And it has been observed often enough that 'labor votes' . . . wouldn't go the way labor leaders said they would."

Mr. Lewis's second break with tradition came two days later. He listened grimly while President William Green of the American Federation of Labor argued, until he was nearly voiceless, against the threatened secession of the miners over the feud between craft and industrial factionists.

Miners' Defiance

The miners, most powerful of the eight unions in the industrial bloc, had previously defied the A. F. of L. Executive Council by voting to withhold dues, if need be.

Rising, with his bulldog jaw set, Mr. Lewis, their chief, again drew from them a roaring affirmation of his policy. Mr. Green shook a finger at Mr. Lewis. Later, they shook hands, and Mr. Green departed.

"To Green," commented the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind.-Dem.), "the rebuff is a personal blow, as well as a handicap to the effectiveness of his organization. He is a graduate of the coal-mines. He appealed to his old friends and they rejected him."

The possibility of an ultimate Lewis victory in the A. F. of L. foreshadowed to *The Wall Street Journal* "a force entirely new in our politico-economic structure."

But *The New Leader*, Socialist weekly, found reason to "believe that unions associated with Mr. Lewis in his Committee for Industrial Organization will not associate themselves with any policy that may lead to a split. There must be give and take on both sides."

Fourth General Strike Is Abrupt

Only Four Times Has Labor's Deadliest Weapon Been Brandished in America; This Time, at Pekin, Illinois, Strife Is Brief

The general strike is labor's most fearful weapon. Its use generally has been attended by bitterness and bloodshed.

Only three times, up to 1936, has this weapon been wielded in America. Last week, in Pekin, Illinois, it was wielded the fourth time.

Pekin is a small industrial city of 17,000, seven miles south of Peoria. Its key-industries are a Fleischmann Yeast works, a Quaker Oats factory, a Corn Products Refining plant, and the American Distilling Company's works.

It was in the latter industry that the trouble started last August. Union leaders say that an engineer, fired because a vat boiled over, was rehired upon protest, but compelled to haul ashes in place of his regular engineering duties.

The controversy flared into a strike and a shut-down. Three weeks ago pickets were tear-gassed.

The Pekin Trades and Labor Assembly then went into action. "Fire 'Tear-Gas' Donahue [Police Chief] and we go back to work," they told Mayor W. E. Schurman. "Keep him, and we'll give you the biggest strike Illinois ever saw."

The Mayor stood by his Chief of Police.

Call to Strike

The Trades Assembly issued a general strike call to thirty-one unions, involving between 2,000 and 3,000 workers.

Crowds swarmed the streets, ordering restaurants, movies, barber shops, gasoline stations, even banks to close. Union leaders fulfilled their threat to close the town "tighter than a drum." For two days Pekin was under virtual trade union dictatorship.

In the opinion of the Boston *Transcript*, this "was mob rule by men leading a strike. They terrorized the city into submission, as they undertook to dictate who should command the police force."

The Socialist *New Leader*, however, had a different opinion. "Whatever the outcome of the strike," it said, "the community has had a lesson it will never forget, regarding the power of the workers."

Labor mediators, including Martin Durkin, of the Illinois Department of Labor, rushed to Pekin. Mayor Schurman complied with unions demands that he abolish a Citizens Committee, allegedly set up to foster the "open shop."

Seattle saw America's first general strike in 1919. In Seattle's shipyards—where, during the War, more than a quarter of the Shipping Board vessels were built—a dispute arose over wages. More than 100 unions banded together in sympathy.

Citizens, organized as "Minute Men," charged a "revolutionary plot." Labor retorted with the cry of "*agent provocateur*."

Some 30,000 men and women walked out, tying up the city. Mayor Ole Hanson declared the strike an "attempted revolution," threatened martial law, and called out armed force. Five days later the strike was abandoned.

Labor in Seattle suffered as a result. Union men nominated for the City Council were defeated in 1919 and 1920 elections.

San Francisco Strife

In 1934, union longshoremen in San Francisco chafed under what they considered low wages, irregular work, and discrimination in hiring halls along the waterfront.

Conservative union officials attempted negotiations. Rank and file members, led by radical Harry Bridges, wiry little Australian dock-walloper, refused to compromise. They demanded higher pay, union recognition, control of hiring halls, a thirty-hour week, and a coast-wide agreement. Shipowners balked.

In May, the longshoremen walked out. In July, the teamsters joined them. Two days later, thirteen other unions did likewise. Transportation in San Francisco was paralyzed.

Mayor Angelo J. Rossi blamed communists. Police and troops guarded every inch of the water-front. Vigilantes raided union halls, clubs, radical centers. In a feud between Right and Left Wing factions, the American Federation of Labor censured San Francisco's Central Labor Council for calling the strike.

The teamsters finally returned to work, breaking the strike's back. On July 19, the General Strike Committee declared peace.

For unionists, however, the strike was not altogether unsuccessful. Longshoremen gained higher wages, fewer hours, and joint operation of the hiring halls.

Non-union labor, imported by the Columbian Enameling and Stamping Company, touched off the Terre Haute general strike last summer. Forty-eight unions promptly pitched in, and, by noon of July 22, had shut down all transportation and most of the business houses.

Gov. Paul V. McNutt declared martial law. No meetings were permitted; arms were forbidden to all but police and National Guardsmen. There was no serious disorder, tho more than 100 persons were taken into custody, including a college professor who refused to move while "studying mob psychology."

The American Federation of Labor declared the strike unauthorized; after forty-eight hours it was called off. More than 20,000 workers went back to their jobs. The strike at the enameling plant remains in effect to this day.

Like its three predecessors, the Pekin general strike was abrupt and short-lived. On the third day, it was called off, less than two hours after the Pekin Chamber of Commerce had decided to open stores under police protection.

Strike leaders announced that they had won major demands: seniority rights, closed shop, collective bargaining, and "abolition of the speed-up system."

Walter J. Lehman, Vice-President of the distilling company, hoped for "permanent amicable relationship with our employees," adding that the company had "advocated fair working conditions and good pay."

Summing up, the Los Angeles *Times* wrote:

"The 'general strike' collapsed in customary futility. It thus follows closely the history of those at Seattle and San Francisco. A general strike is a revolt against constituted authority, and no government can yield in the face of it and be respected thereafter.

"No American city has yet given in to a general strike and Pekin has upheld the tradition."

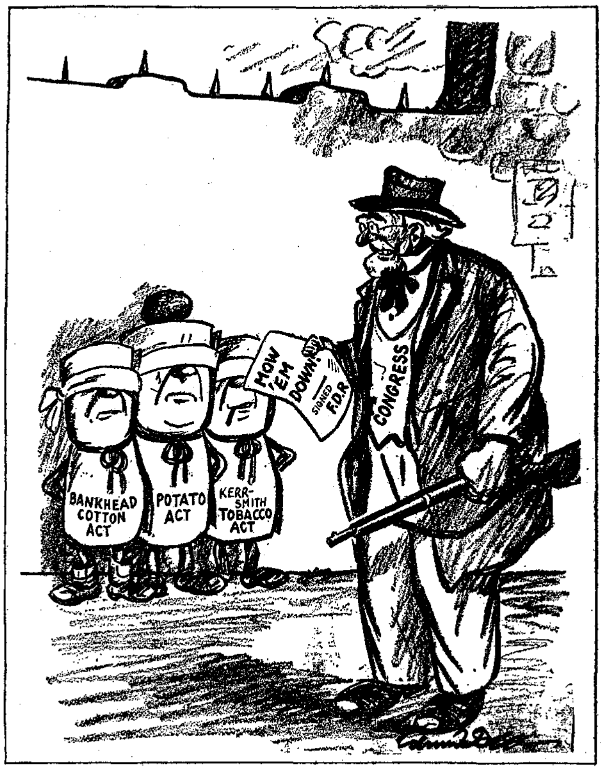
To the Communist *Daily Worker*, however, the strike "proved that the organized workers have a political fist which can crash through the doors of reactionary officials."

Acme

Before the strike: shoppers in Pekin, Illinois, stock up on food supplies

Banishment for Orphans of the AAA

Repeal of Control Act Ends Experiment in Compulsion of Farmers; Publicist Sees Paradox, Clashing Factions Now Agreeing



Orders from the Commander-in-Chief

—*Duffy in the Baltimore* Sun

In prompt obedience to a terse, surprize request from President Roosevelt, Congress last week banished the three stranded stepsons of the exiled Agricultural Adjustment Act.

After the Senate had unanimously voted repeal of the Tobacco, Potato, and Cotton Control Acts, militant Representative Vito Marcantonio of New York urged the House to vote "no" on repeal and refuse to "surrender" to the Supreme Court. Only ten members took his advice.

Thereupon the test of the Cotton Control Act carried to the Supreme Court by Governor Talmadge of Georgia, originally slated for hearing last week, became a dead issue.

Only the week before, Congress had refrained from appropriating funds to administer the Potato Act.

"End of Historic Epoch"

"Thus is virtually ended a historic epoch in Federal control, for each of the Acts rescinded represented direct compulsion upon the farmers of the country," Albert L. Warner wrote in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.).

"The combined legislation, going far beyond the Agricultural Adjustment Act itself, provided a national allotment of production in cotton, tobacco, and potatoes, the distribution of an individual quota to each farm, and prohibitive taxation on sales above the quota.

"These laws carried the influence of Washington to its furthest reaches in governing the nation's economic life.

"Their repeal, only one step ahead of an inevitable booting by the Supreme Court, comes on top of the Court-imposed collapse of the NRA and the AAA, the two chief agencies of the New Deal for regulating industry and agriculture."

Many commentators agreed with Senator Wallace White, Maine Republican, that the repeal "indicates that the White House is tired of being scooped by the Supreme Court."

"Is it unreasonable to believe," asks the Troy (N. Y.) *Record* (Ind.), "that the President is making a qualified retreat from Moscow?"

The house-cleaning indicated no retreat, but merely good sense and timeliness, to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind.-Dem.).

"Repeal of the laws," it said, "will clear the air and prevent the remains of the outlawed program from embarrassing the new one. . . . Compulsory crop control should give way to the principle of voluntary, cooperative regulation which is contemplated by the new Agricultural Bill."

The new Bill is based on soil conservation, with benefit payments.

Walter Lippmann, in the New York *Herald Tribune* (Ind.-Rep.), attempted to disentangle the issue from partizanship.

Commenting on the Supreme Court ruling's aftermath, he said:

"The naïve anti-New Dealers jumped to the conclusion that the Court had put an end to all the nonsense and that the farm problem, which has dominated American politics since the election of Thomas Jefferson, the problem of keeping industry and agriculture in balance with each other, could now be dropped like a hot potato.

"The one side damned the Court on the ground that it had prohibited what it had not in fact prohibited, and the other praised it for being just about twice as conservative as in fact it was.

"The new policy, which has for some time represented the views of the ablest men in the Department of Agriculture, turned out to be, in its essential principles, the present policy of ex-President Hoover and of Governor Landon.

"It is a curious paradox. While the Liberty Leaguers and the New Dealers are declaiming over the radio how irreconcilably they are opposed to one another on this vital question, in some ways the greatest of all national questions, responsible public men in both Parties are in fundamental agreement."

Saving Wild Life

U. S., Mexican, and Canadian Organizations Unite in Drive

Roquefort cheese, dairy-farming, hunting, and fishing—all have a place in the life of the cartoonist, Jay N. Darling, better known as "Ding."

His interest in hunting and fishing goes deep—deep enough to explain why he was such a conspicuous figure at the North American Wild Life Conference in Washington last week.

Twelve hundred delegates, from every State in the Union, from Mexico and Canada, heard speakers plead for an international association for effective action.

Mr. Darling, himself a former Chief of the United States Biological Survey, was joined by F. A. Silcox, Chief of the United States Forest Service and Chairman of the meeting, and other speakers in stressing the need for unity in the conservation fight.

The delegates saw the point. They voted to form the General Wild Life Federation, subject to ratification by State groups, and elected Mr. Darling Acting President.

Ominous Recitals

The Conference, opening with the reading of a message from President Roosevelt, who had called it, heard ominous recitals of the costs of our national carelessness. One item is an annual bill of $1,000,000,000 for pure water supplies, as a result of the pollution of lakes and streams. Other examples:

One hundred million acres of wild-life breeding-grounds drained, aggravating the effects of droughts, dust-storms, and floods; 173,000,000 acres of remaining public domain mostly overgrazed and largely denuded of vegetation; eight wild-life species extinct and others near oblivion.

It is "belatedly dawning on the American people," says the Washington *Post*, "that wild-life environment, industry, agriculture, and the safeguarding of all our natural wealth, are all bound necessarily and closely together in a problem that involves the advance or decline of the Republic."

Keystone

Jay N. Darling ("Ding"): he likes cheese, dairy-farming, hunting, and fishing

California: No Hobo Utopia

Los Angeles Police Chief Sends Patrolmen to Guard Oregon, Nevada, and Arizona Borders and Turn Back Tramps (If Any)

"Know that, on the right hand of the Indies, there is an island called California, very near to the Terrestrial Paradise. . . ."

García Ordoñez de Montalvo, in "Las Sergas de Esplandian," published in 1510, was first to mention California—twenty-five years before Hernan Cortez discovered it.

Huddled in Sierra passes, or perched on sand-dunes in the Imperial Valley, 136 Los Angeles police last week were off their beats trying to bar that land "near to the Terrestrial Paradise," to incoming "indigents and tramps."

Border Patrol

California has no State constabulary, so James E. Davis, husky, steely-eyed Los Angeles Police Chief, ordered his men to patrol the Oregon, Nevada, and Arizona borders and take into "technical custody all persons who have no definite purpose for entering the State, and are without visible means of support."

Chief Davis called his frontier guard "a determined effort to keep our unemployment and crime conditions to a minimum.

"Hordes of indigents have flooded the State in the last year, and Los Angeles has become the backwater in which the majority of them settled," he added.

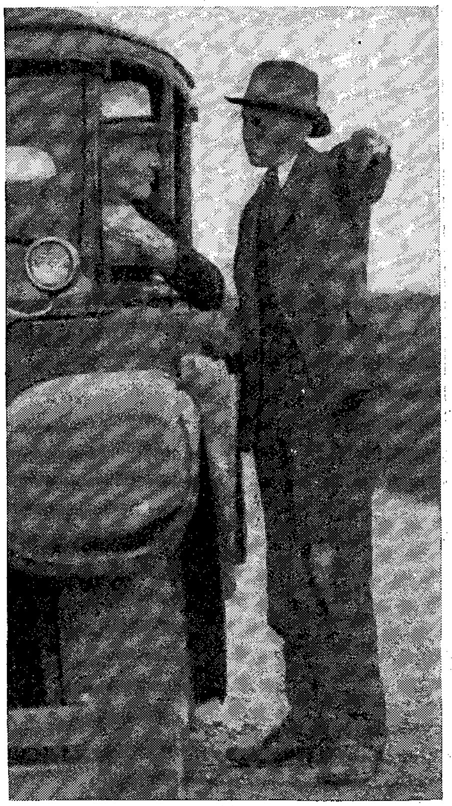
"They not only increased the already perplexing problems of caring for the unemployed, but were responsible for the surging of crime outbursts in the city and county."

Terse Retort

To which Jess Hession, California Deputy Attorney General, an ex-brakeman, retorted tersely:

"Los Angeles will soon find they have no right to control the border stations of the State."

There was some home-town support for the police cordon. Replying to those who called it an outrage, the Los Angeles *Times* admitted:



Keystone

The hiker may get a hitch, but the trip will end at the California border line

"Maybe so, but it is the kind of an outrage that ought to have been perpetrated in California several years ago. . . .

"If it had, we would not now be struggling with a $70,000,000 deficit. If it had, our citizens would have been spared many of the depredations of our present army of imported criminals. If it had, California would not now be the paradise for radicals and trouble-makers that it is."

Writing in the liberal Los Angeles *Evening News*, Stephen O'Donnell, chunky young Stanford graduate who edits the new paper, remarked:

"Considered purely from the philosophical point of view, the program violates every principle that Americans hold dear. On the face of it, it is un-American to question the right of any citizen to go where he pleases.

"The urge to travel back and forth between the cold Eastern States and the sunny warmth of Southern California is not peculiar to those who are still rich. As a matter of fact, some of these wanderers may have been here before, and in happier circumstances."

Other Reactions

Elsewhere, Southern California's action evoked these reactions:

1. Nevada—unworried, but alert.
2. Northern California—irked no end.
3. Oregon—angry.
4. Arizona—given to gibes.

The Nevada State Journal (Reno) challenged:

"If the Constitution doesn't guarantee citizens the right to breathe the air, walk on the earth, view the sunset, and hunt for a job without a mounted policeman's approval, then we've no Constitution. How many Forty-Niners would've been able to show 'visible means of support' on entering California?"

To the radical *Pacific Weekly* (Carmel) the *cordon sanitaire* "is the clearest Nazi and lawless act yet perpetrated by law officials in California."

The Grant's Pass (Ore.) *Daily Courier* declared:

"Los Angeles had to do something. It has been a standing joke for years that the Los Angeles city borders extend as far north as Oregon. . . . Now, it is less of a joke and more of an alarming fact. . . . If California bars only criminals and the penniless, we are faced with the possibility of having California's thousands of wandering vagrants pile up . . . to create a relief and crime problem, unknown here now."

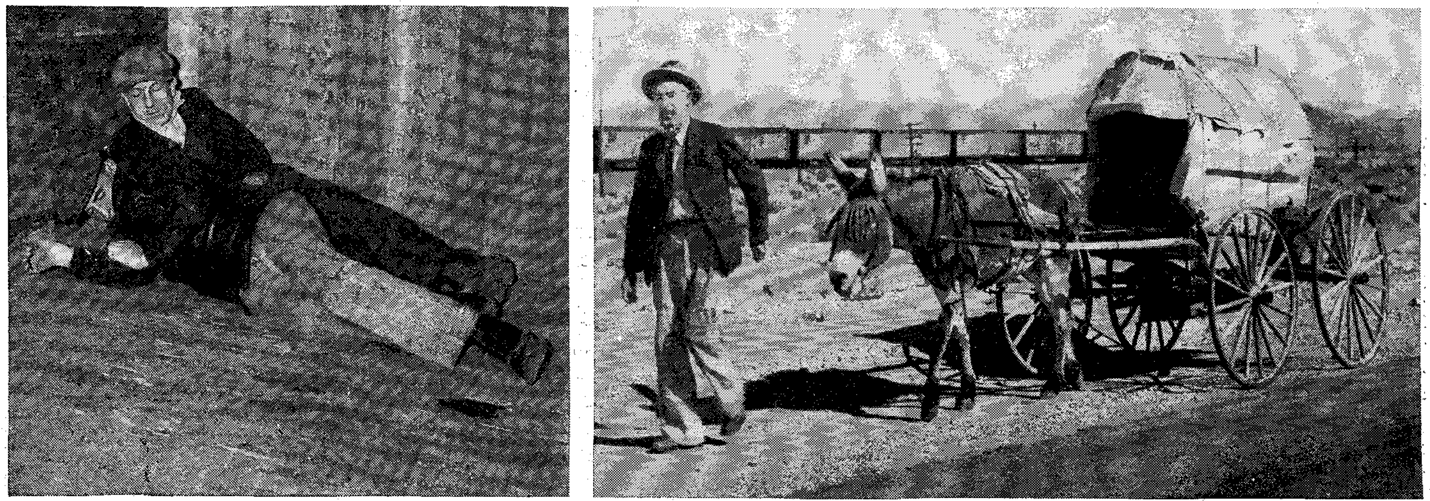
The Arizona Republic (Phœnix) feared:

"There is no other intermountain or Western State which will suffer so much as Arizona from California's exclusion policy."

The first forty-eight hours of the border patrol brought the following verified results:

1. Three hoboes accosted.
2. None arrested.

Turlock, near Needles, wired: "No bums; no police."



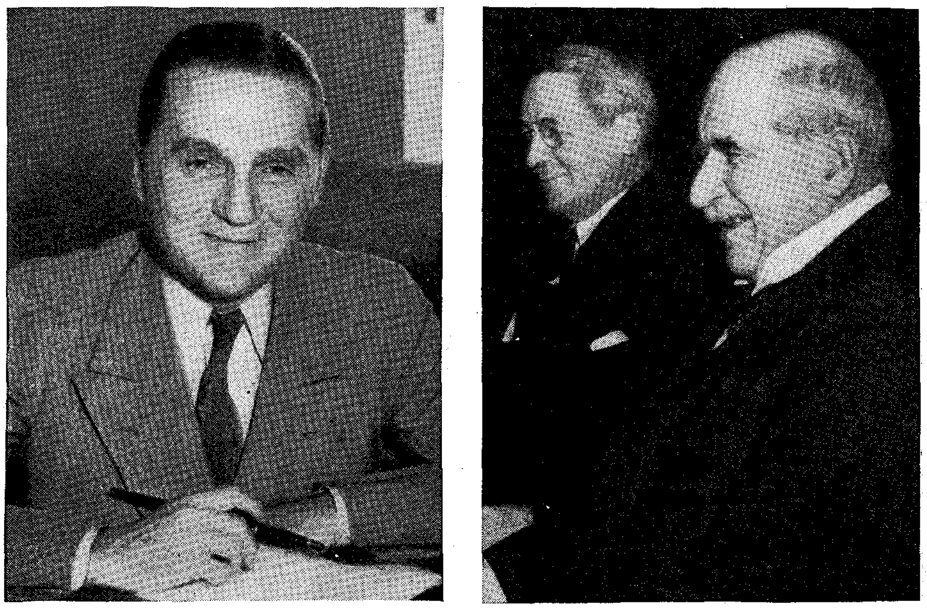
Wide World

Acme

California bound: informal travelers who sleep in freight-cars or use covered wagons may have trouble entering California

Leisure Class as Morgan Sees It

He Defines It as 30,000,000 Families With Maids; Exasperation Marks Debate Evaluating Group and Its Part in Civilization



Wide World

All smiles now: Senator Gerald P. Nye (left) *and J. P. Morgan* (right) *parted with a handshake at the end of the Senate Munitions inquiry*

When "J. P.," head of the powerful House of Morgan, aired his views on civilization and the leisure class last week he exasperated the Editor of *Labor* (Washington) and brought forth a deluge of sarcasm.

" Really," snaps *Labor*, "it is a great mistake to permit Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan to wander around without his nurse.

"It seems to be his notion that the only people worth while are those 'who can afford to hire a maid.' The moment you take these privileged few off the backs of the underprivileged many, civilization will be extinct.

"Of course, Mr. Morgan would never have made that statement if he had consulted John W. Davis and some of his other high-priced retainers. They would have told him it was a boner."

Other papers take a different view of what the tall, bulky, sixty-eight-year-old banker said in testifying before the Senate Munitions Committee. Discussing the possibility that the next war would destroy civilization, Mr. Morgan said:

"If you destroy the leisure class, you destroy civilization. Civilizations have died before. They have come back. How great the damage would be I've never been able to decide."

View Amplified

Later the banker amplified his views of the leisure class. This he defined as including all who "can afford to hire a maid," and he estimated there were "perhaps 30,000,000 families" in it. They were the people "of some education, of some background."

"I think," he said, "that if the house-mother has to do all the cooking and all the washing and bring up a family of five children besides, she won't have time to educate the children."

Editors who do not agree with *Labor* that Mr. Morgan was guilty of a "boner" discuss his statement from various angles. Some point out that his figures were high, since there were not 30,000,000 families in the United States at the last census.

"When J. P. Morgan referred to the 'leisure class,' " says the Buffalo *Evening News*, "he spoke not of the few but the many of the great group of Americans whose income is moderate. Those who benefit from the private profit system should be pacifists in principle, according to the Morgan dictum."

Class Cleavage Doubted

"The fact is," remarks the Toledo *Blade*, "that Mr. Morgan need not have been so specific as to single out any one class—if we really have classes in America.

"Destroy the comfort and the security and the wealth—even tho small—of any considerable number in the country, and civilization is on the way out."

"Civilization" may have different meanings, notes the Troy *Times-Record*, adding:

"If civilization means improved standard of living there is no need of a leisure class. All that is demanded is increasing leisure for every citizen. When the living level rises the hours of work shorten and time is available for recreation, improvement, and study. Certainly one has a right to call this sort of progress civilization.

"If civilization means a chance for philosophical contemplation, the exercise of religion, the development of reasoning powers, and the like, as many of our thinkers believe, a leisure class is not nearly so important as proper opportunities for education, a spirit of inquiry and adventure, an attitude of mental and spiritual hunger.

"A leisure class rarely troubles itself about such things. It is usually pleasure-loving and acquisitive.

"But if civilization means the development of fortunes large enough to be used for the common good, particularly in art, architecture, music, drama, and literature, of course a leisure class is essential. . . .

"So Mr. Morgan is right if he defines civilization on the last-named basis."

A possible confusion of terms is seen by the Boston *Daily Globe*, which remarks that "a good many people must be surprized—in fact, more surprized than gratified—to learn that they belong to the leisure class," since they can afford to hire a maid.

No Sun; Papers Free

In St. Petersburg, Florida—"The Sunshine City"— last week, on two consecutive days, the sun failed to shine.

Consequently, on two consecutive days, Maj. Lew B. Brown gave away free the entire home edition of his afternoon paper, *The Evening Independent.*

It is an old custom of his. It started about twenty-five years ago, when Major Brown came to St. Petersburg from Kentucky. He acquired control of *The Evening Independent,* and waxed enthusiastic over the warm, salubrious, sunny air of St. Petersburg. Never had he known a city like it. It should be immortalized, he decided, and sat down and wrote a poem.

One stanza of this poem, "The Sunshine City," sang:

Thine air is like some rich old wine that thrills through every vein ;
Thy sunshine falls as gently down as some far music's strain ;
Thy soft perpetual breezes waft a life-balm rich and rare—
Where all the time is Summer and every day is fair.

This tribute was published, and aroused a great deal of attention. The Major found himself in for some good-natured jesting, and some not quite so good-natured. Did he think his town had a monopoly on Florida sunshine?

The Major didn't claim that; but he did feel justified in calling St. Petersburg "The Sunshine City." Furthermore, he determined to make the name stick.

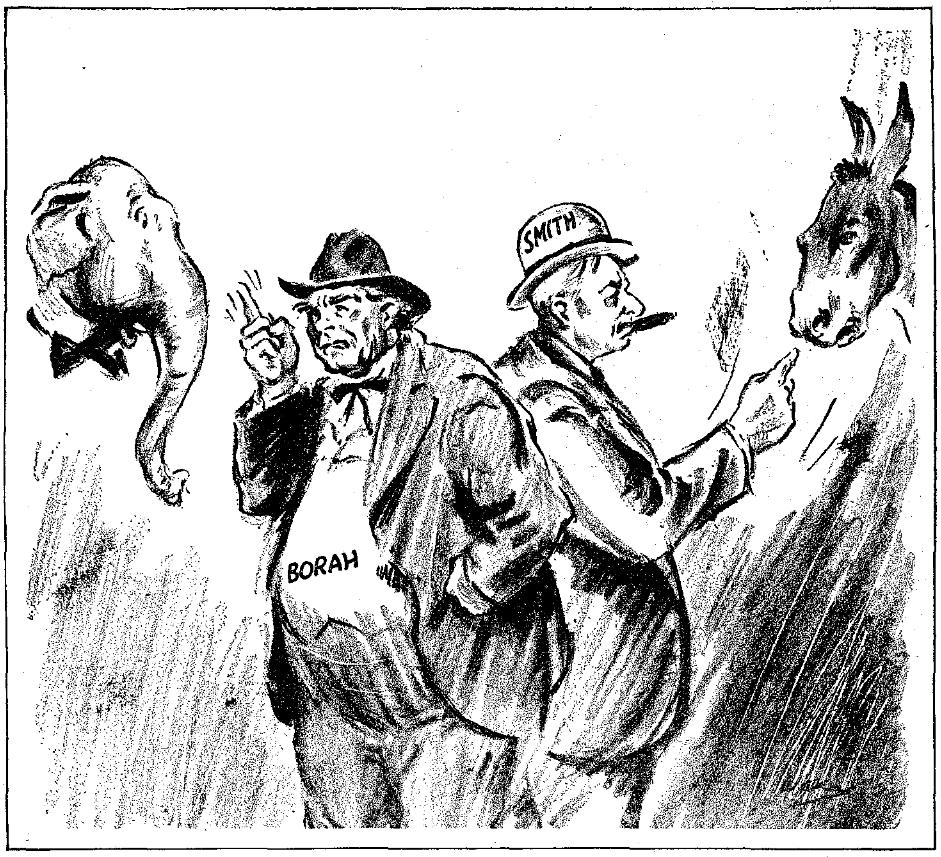
Major's Offer

In a full-page advertisement in *The Independent*, on September 1, 1910, he announced that he would give away the home edition of his newspaper any day that the sun failed to shine before 3 P.M.

Despite the trick the sun played on him last week, in more than twenty-five years and a quarter he has had to hand out free papers only 120 times. And that's less than an average of five free editions a year.

The two unusual, cloudy days last week set the Major back approximately 49,000 copies of *The Evening Independent.* Ordinarily he disposes of about 35,000 copies in two days. But when he says free copies he means it. And to take care of an anticipated extra demand from tourists and others who want to send free copies home as souvenirs, he obliges by printing them.

Topics in Brief



Telling 'Em!

—Warr in the Brooklyn Eagle

Huey Long's followers in Louisiana are not very liberal when it comes to sharing the votes.—*Toledo Blade.*

Al Smith is somewhat of a magician, at that. He ran two bits' worth of oratory into a $10 cover charge.—*Birmingham News.*

The United States Supreme Court has a marble building. Heart, too, according to the New Deal.—*Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Dispatch.*

Residents of the Philippines have received their complete freedom. If the idea works, it may even be tried in this country. —*Judge.*

The funny part of it is that people still living twenty years from now will be calling these the good old days.—*Dayton (Ohio) Journal.*

"The opposition combines the worst features of Fascism and Communism," says Mr. Ickes. In other words, there is a campaign coming.—*Detroit News.*

Not only did three Smiths figure in All-America selections, but we see that Al has dusted off the headgear and reported for scrimmage.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Again, to the close observer it appears that many Democrats, in striving to see eye to eye with the President, are becoming cross-eyed.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press.*

Mussolini has learned from his Ethiopian experience that into each life some rain must fall.—*Flint (Mich.) Journal.*

Under Secretary Thomas Coolidge has quit the Treasury in protest over present policies. One Coolidge who chooses to run.—*Dallas Morning News.*

"Industrial Output at Five-Year Peak in December Rise"—*Head-line.* It looks like pretty darn rugged regimentation.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The forces back of the revival of prosperity in the United States must be pretty strong. They even revived Hoover.—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

Missionary efforts in the Orient have borne fruit. Japan and China are acting much like Christian nations did from 1914 to 1918.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

Veterans, advised that the bonus bonds will not be available until June 15, are recalling that question about what is so rare as a day in June.—*Louisville Times.*

Senator Joe Robinson says: "I think there must be two Al Smiths." Oh, well, that's an illusion one often gets after a swift sock on the chin.—*Boston Herald.*

Senator Harrison said he favored bonus payments in order to take the bonus out of politics. Our guess is that it will be taken out of the pocketbooks of the people. —*Lynchburg (Va.) News.*

We knew that Morgan was tied up with war loans to the great Powers. But is it true that the midget lent money to Finland? —*Atlanta Constitution.*

Mussolini has put it up to Italy's song-writers to compose for the troops in Ethiopia a spirited route-song. How about "Oh, It Ain't Gwine Rain No Mo' "?—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Complaint has arisen that our famous system of government by checks and balances has become too noticeably a government of checks.—*Omaha Morning World-Herald.*

Unfortunately for the Administration, the letters A, A, and A can not be rearranged into any other combination to form some new alphabet organization.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

The most interesting revelation by the Nye Committee is that J. P. Morgan, with all his power, has no more control when it comes to keeping his pipe lighted than we have.—*H. I. Phillips in New York Sun.*

Newspapers all over the country have been printing interviews with soldiers telling what they're going to do with their bonus. The laugh is that most of the soldiers are married.—*Ohio State Journal.*

There are fourteen Democrats in Arkansas City aspiring to the Postmastership and the chances are that after the appointment is made, thirteen of them will at least wonder if there aren't a few flaws in the more abundant life.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

G.O.P. Senators and Representatives voted for the bonus just like the profligate spendthrifts and debt-contractors on the other side. Every Congressman knows that his first duty, in these critical days, is to continue to be one.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

Absent-mindedness has been found to be more common in college professors than with any other class. You had probably concluded already that those who framed most of the New Deal legislation had entirely forgotten that there is a Supreme Court.—*Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

A well-known teacher sends us this interesting query: "Is it possible for a man, a city, a State, or a Nation to go on increasing debt without reaching a point where collapse is inevitable?"

Any man who can write as intelligent a question as that can answer it himself.—*Topeka Journal.*

Justice Willis Van Devanter of the Supreme Court has been reinstated by Sigma Chi Fraternity, from which he was expelled in his youth. His Sigma Chi brethren forgave him, but he can not expect similar forgiveness from the boys of dear old Alpha Alpha Alpha.—*Urbana (Ill.) Evening Courier.*

Britain's Rearmament Parliament

Program of National Government "Largest" Ever Known in Peace-Time; Labor and Liberal Objections Are Likely to Fail

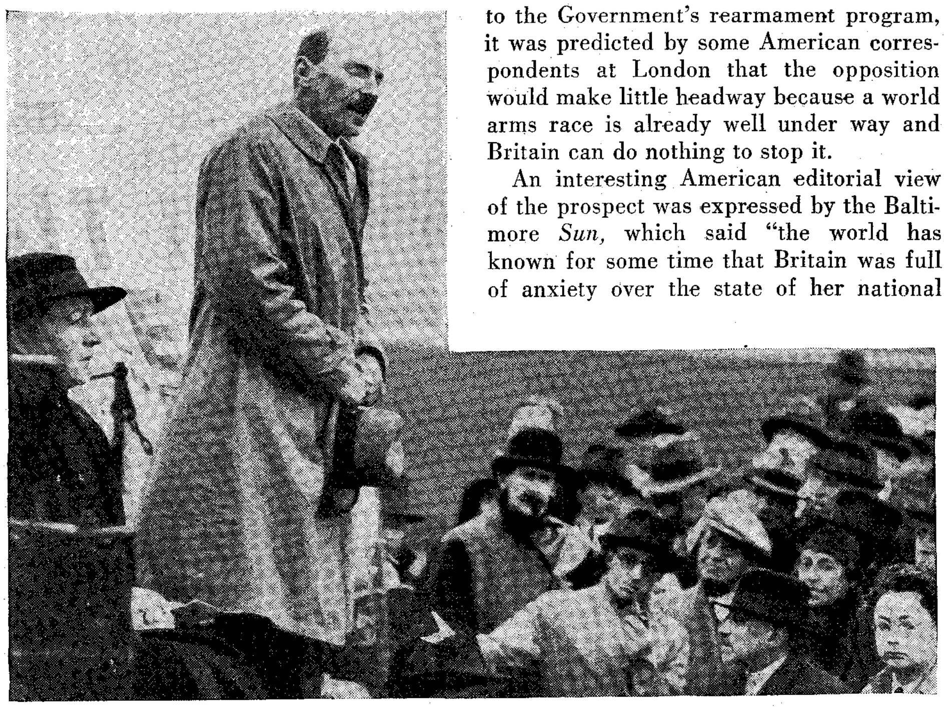
A blond-haired, athletically trim man, young for his forty-one years, dressed in running-shorts, ran three miles February 2 from his country home, Fort Belvedere, near Windsor, to the new Windsor Lodge. He did not leave the royal grounds for the very plain reason that he is King Edward VIII, who continues his physical exercises regularly despite his new onerous duties in ruling the greatest Empire the world has ever known.

Two personal modernistic peculiarities about Edward VIII are his love of exercise and his preference for travel by air-plane rather than by railway or automobile. Two days after His Majesty's Sunday morning sprint, Parliament reassembled for a six-months' session. It met as most Englishmen were preoccupied with the troubled state of European affairs, Newton Aiken noted in a London cable to the Baltimore *Sun*, and the air was filled with alarmist demands for more and more armaments.

In the Dark

The British nation was said by this informant to be in the dark as to just what the Government intended to do about arms. Less than a year ago, he recalled, Parliament approved an increase of $250,000,000 in the annual expenditures for the fighting services, and also voted a new air-program designed to give Britain 1,500 planes by March, 1937.

Whatever the Government's plans might be, this correspondent related, the fact is that there is more hullabaloo about defense in England now than at any time since the MacDonald Government issued its famous White Paper last March, declaring German rearmament had forced England to reconsider its position.



Keystone

Maj. Clement Richard Attlee, Leader of the British Labor Party

Altho a heavy program of domestic legislation confronts Parliament, it was pointed out in London press dispatches, the chief interest of the Members is in the Government rearmament schemes and in the international situation, particularly that growing out of the Ethiopian War.

The Labor Opposition, led by Maj. Clement Richard Attlee, Chief of the Labor Party, it has been foreseen, will conduct a bitter campaign of antagonism to the Nationalist Government program for strengthening the national defense.

Vigorous, bulky Major Attlee, as Lemuel F. Parton in his copyrighted syndicated column once said, ought to know something about war. He rode a tank in the World War, retiring in 1919 with the firm conviction that the world would have to be organized for peace or else give up civilization as a bad job.

Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin told the assembled House of Commons on February 4 that the nation would hear details of a plan for rearmament "at an early date."

King's Message

In a message the King sent to Parliament he maintained that his chief aim would be to maintain the liberties and welfare of his people and added: "I pray that by the blessing of Almighty God I may justify your trust throughout my reign."

The new King's use of the personal "I" instead of the formal royal "we" which his father used, was noted with satisfaction by Members of the House.

Despite the known opposition of sundry Labor and Liberal Members of Parliament to the Government's rearmament program, it was predicted by some American correspondents at London that the opposition would make little headway because a world arms race is already well under way and Britain can do nothing to stop it.

An interesting American editorial view of the prospect was expressed by the Baltimore *Sun*, which said "the world has known for some time that Britain was full of anxiety over the state of her national defenses; that she meant to replace her old battle-ships, increase her cruiser force, strengthen her air-fleet and speed up the mechanization of her army." This newspaper continued:

© Keystone

Prime Minister, Baldwin, leaving his official residence, 10, Downing Street

"The most relevant of all the facts is, in the end, stated by the correspondents in a single sentence: The armament program is 'the largest ever known in peace-time in Great Britain.' Only one conclusion can be drawn: Britain sees the war danger increasing and not declining in the near future. The steadiest, most isolated of the European Powers, and the one most eager to preserve the peace, has determined to arm, that is, to prepare for war in real earnest.

"World opinion will be bound to wonder about three things: First, what effect this gigantic program will have upon not only the rate of rearmament of all other nations, but the collective system generally. Second, to what end Britain will use this increase in her strength; is it to be thrown behind deeper commitments to Geneva or does it precede some step toward armed isolation? Third, what effect it will have upon British economic recovery. Probably before the billion and a half is spent world opinion will have the answer to all three questions."

A hard material fact noted by *The Manchester Guardian*, world-famous Liberal daily, was that on Britain's defense program depends not only the financial policy of the next budget, but much of the course that British economic recovery will take in the coming months. It was pointed out that:

"The speeches of the bank chairmen

will be looked at closely to see what they think of the influence of armaments expenditure on our prospects, and still more what they think of the much-canvassed idea that instead of hurting ourselves to pay for our defenses out of current revenue we should gaily resort to borrowing. One wonders whether it may be taken as symptomatic that the Westminster Bank *Review* takes this opportunity of surveying the Budgets of the chief States and of drawing the appropriate moral from the instances of other Powers that are borrowing for rearmament.

"It admits the theoretical justification for financing public-works expenditure by borrowing, because by promoting trade recovery the means are provided for repayment of loans. But it declines to allow that the argument is valid for expenditure on armaments or military equipment.

"Moreover, there is the immediate problem of raising the money (which closely touches France) and the permanent one of providing for interest and redemption (which touches Germany, where there is no present shortage of money because its loans are forced or based on Government paper). 'Borrowing for expenditure of this class,' says *The Review*, 'is always regrettable, for the outlay adds nothing to a country's earning power to help to pay the interest on the borrowed money.' It adds that altho we in this country are to spend more 'we may reasonably expect that the expenditure required will not be more than can be borne out of annual revenues.' We may hope the Westminster Bank is right, but if we take notice of the papers that are hottest for full-blooded rearmament we may feel less confident."

Germany's Position

While British editors and the British public were thinking nervously about rearmament, a famous German newspaper, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, commenting on Germany's new Army, was pondering the question: "What will Germany do when she is strong?" As this daily saw it:

"The question embraces a suspicion but at the same time it assumes a perception that the outside world must adjust itself to the fact of a powerful German State.

"The perception is clear.

"German rearmament was accepted as a fact—to be sure, with an accompanying realization that some years will have to pass before not only the material but also the trained reserves could be brought into being.

"This interval, it has been urged, must be taken advantage of in order to pass safely the danger moment involved in German aims still unknown.

"At least until then—but seemingly for quite a while yet—Germany must remain a source of uneasiness, mentally, diplomatically, economically.

"However, it is further urged, this is the part played by all 'have nots'—that is, the nations which in the framing of the Treaty of Versailles or through their past history have lagged behind others despite their great powers and potentialities as national entities."

Italy's Fight Against Sanctions

Mussolini Pictures Horrors of War—in Europe; Small Powers Are Warned; Battle-Lines Shift in Ethiopia

Not only his prognathous jaw, but every fiber of Mussolini's system and every resource of the Fascist State have been brought into action for firm resistance to the sanctions imposed by the League of Nations.

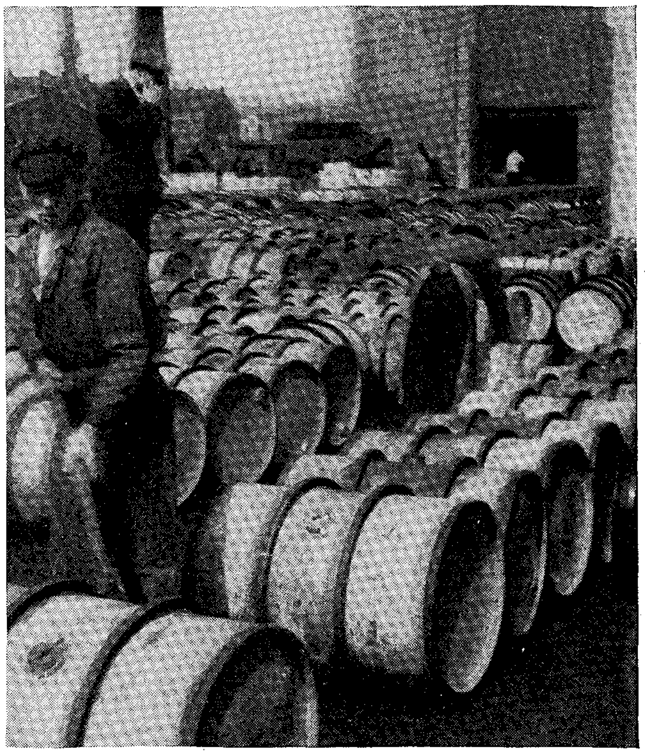
In the Roman newspaper *Il Popolo d'Italia* appeared an "appeal to the students of Europe," which was ascribed to Mussolini himself. One of the striking expressions in his clarion call for European sympathy, as cited by a radio message from Rome to the Chicago *Daily News*, was: "Europe is slipping faster and faster on the inclined plane of sanctions, at the bottom of which lies war."

To quote the appeal further: "It is time to nail to the wall the responsibility of politicians who are thirsty for blood. They are preparing the most awful wars, but it will not be the politicians who will fight. The call to arms will be the call to youth, but before all, university youth.

"It will be the students of Paris, Brussels, and other large European cities who, together with the people of the fields, will from the very first day, from the very first signal of war, march toward the furnace."

In this vigorous appeal it was also stated:

"It is not Italy who wants war. This has been clearly established. Italy wants security in Africa and peace in Europe. No one in good faith can possibly accuse Italy of responsibility for the war that is threatening.



Exclusive From European

One source of Italy's oil: received in Hamburg, Germany, from abroad, it is reshipped to Ethiopia

Warning to Youth

"If sanctions are extended, and if the people march to war, the youth of Europe must know, from now on, on whom the most terrible responsibility lies. Therefore we wish to broadcast this appeal to the university youth of Europe.

"The embargo will end one of these days with a blockade and a blockade will mean war."

Previous statements have been made to the effect that oil sanctions would mean war, Reginald Sweetland noted in a Rome message to the Chicago *Daily News*, but "now it is stated that oil sanctions would lead to a blockade and that this in turn would bring war. But war seems, by this statement, to be one more step removed."

An Athens daily of recent foundation, the *Elefteron Gnome*, published an interview with Premier Mussolini in which he loosed a heavy barrage of polemic against Great Britain. He also warned the smaller Powers against associating themselves with the British and thus angering Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Argentina. He said in part:

"Greece has tied herself to Britain's chariot. So has Yugoslavia, which has already suffered heavy losses from the imposition of sanctions. Greece has not needed to follow this path—she could have made reservations as others have done. Austria, Hungary, Albania, and Argentina realized that they must not play Britain's game.

"Fight to the End"

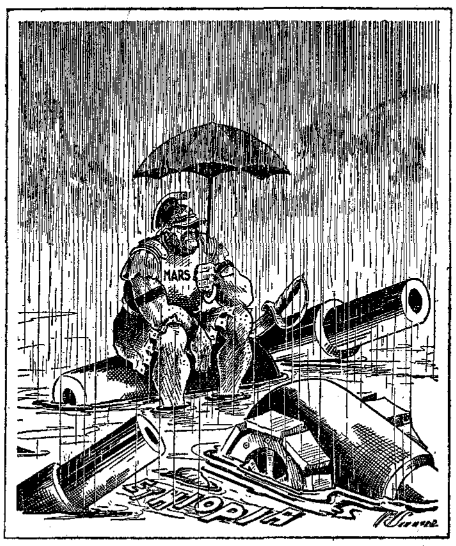
"We shall fight to the end. The small nations must understand that they will lose by their stand against Italy. It is they who will suffer the most. . . .

"I have already one war on my hands and have no intention of starting another one with Britain, altho she is doing everything to promote it. Greece may be plunged into an adventure from which I am not sure she would emerge with profit."

Meanwhile writers of the Fascist press confidently maintained that Italy was prepared to resist sanctions stoutly. A Rome Correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor* pointed out two reasons:

"The first is the system of controlled economy ruling in the Fascist régime by which, when the moment came to create an antisanctionist defensive front, the unfavorable reactions and waste of energies which, it is claimed, would have inevitably occurred in a system of free economy, have been avoided.

"In the second place, various programs realized, or in course of realization, in



Game Called—Rain

—Summers in the Cleveland News

Italy, had already taken the country along the road to economic self-sufficiency a long time before sanctions were imposed."

On the Battle-Fields

As to the battle-fields of Ethiopia, Rome cables to the Associated Press reported on February 6 that while the Italian advance continued on the Southern Front, rumors circulated in the informed quarters of the Italian Capital that Marshal Pietro Badoglio, Commander-in-Chief of the East African Armies with headquarters on the Northern Front, would be recalled soon to rêsume his post as Chief of Staff.

Sources familiar with the military situation, it was said, believed that Marshal Badoglio's recall was likely in view of the Supreme Defense Council's concentration of precautions against any possibility of a European war resulting from the East African conflict and League of Nations sanctions.

An expert survey of the military situation in Ethiopia was afforded by the *Army and Navy Journal* (Washington) which stated:

"Undoubtedly Mussolini now wishes he had made some peace settlement on the basis of the Hoare-Laval proposal. By delaying, he not only allowed public sentiment in England to block a diplomatic settlement favorable to Italy, but can now hardly win as much by arms.

"The long pause in operations in Ethiopia during the negotiations surrendered the initiative to the Ethiopians and, pressed on the left flank in the south and on the right in the north, both Graziani and Badoglio had to take the offensive to protect their lines of supply.

"Altho the former has made a considerable penetration northwest of Dolo into a rich agricultural country and is credited with spectacular victories in the Italian press, neither front is any nearer Addis Ababa and the guarded plateau than it was two months ago.

"The rainy season is due in March, and it is not believed Mussolini can finance another year's campaign. Therefore peace negotiations, on a less favorable basis than before, may be looked for."

Bigger and Better "Battle-Wagons"

More Powerful Craft Designed as Diplomats Maneuver for Peace; Budget-Makers Hold Key in Looming Naval Race

"Battle-wagons": That is what ships-of-the-line are to the twentieth-century gob, tho naval treaties, formally and politely, refer to them as capital ships.

This is a big week for the "battle-wagon." In London, the Lords of the Admiralty are whipping a naval budget into shape. There is talk of eleven British superdreadnoughts.

At Washington, Congressional Naval Affairs Committees are dealing with estimates. These bills will reflect decisions reached at the current London Naval Conference. There is talk of modernizing all of this country's "Big Five" superdreadnoughts—the *Tennessee, California, Maryland, Colorado,* and *West Virginia*—as well as building at least one new capital ship.

Laying Keels

Officially, Japan, no longer in the Naval Conference, says little, but there are indications that she is prepared to embark on unlimited construction. Nazi Germany, not yet invited to participate in the London parley, is busily laying keels. France and Italy each are building two battle-ships to gross 35,000 tons apiece, the tonnage-limit tentatively agreed upon at London.

Turkey, Yugoslavia, and Brazil are other nations to announce building-programs—modest, but effective.

Thus, major and minor naval Powers shape budgets for greater strength at sea. And, in London, where the four-Power Naval Conference hopes to bring in Germany and Russia to redress the balance of a bolting Japan, there is such talk as this in *The Daily Express:*

"While the Naval Conference is working out a scheme to limit the size and armaments of war-ships, Japan is laying a plan for a 'surprize navy,' including battle-ships of 45,000 tons with sixteen- or eighteen-inch guns; fast 'pocket' battle-cruisers of 15,000 tons with nine- or eleven-inch guns; a powerful flotilla of cruisers of about 2,400 tons which could be used as commerce-destroyers, and submarines of 3,000 tons with two eight-inch guns."

As the international tug of war goes on, and naval constructors draft plans for deadlier "battle-wagons" while diplomatists ponder peace problems, it appears that it is the budget-maker who really holds the key.

Expensive Race

Naval races are expensive.

The Economist (London) avers:

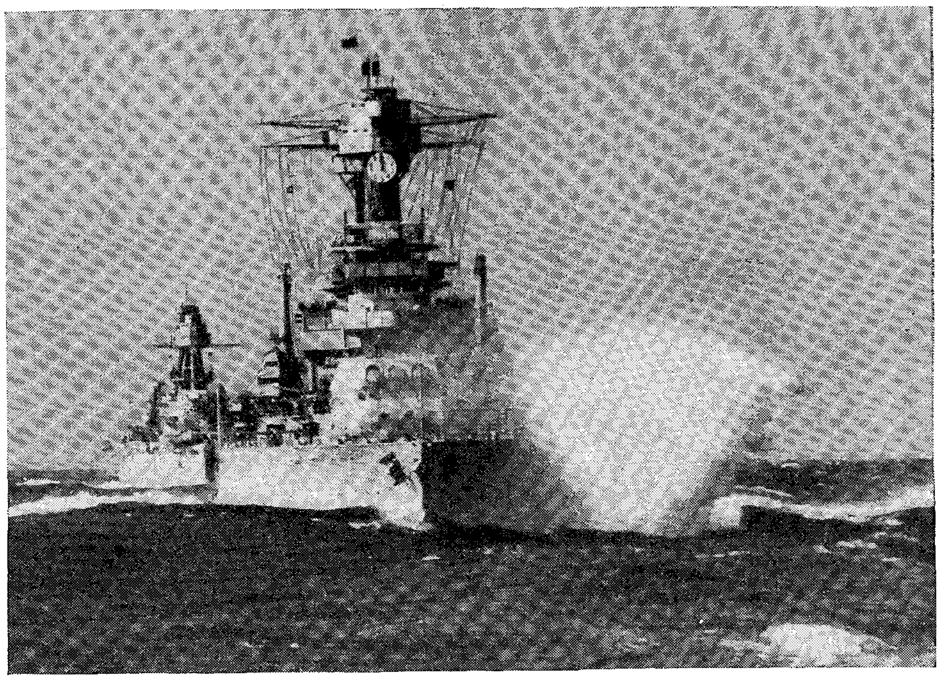
"There will, almost certainly, be an understanding between the United States and the British Empire, the two Powers most directly menaced by Japanese aggressiveness at sea.

"If this Japanese action produces an Anglo-American naval accord in the Pacific . . . the wind from the East will have blown us all some good. Thus, the Japanese have succeeded in making a thorny bed for themselves."

That there will be a race for bigger and better "battle-wagons" is widely accepted in Japan, where Masahori Ito, leading navalist, writes in the magazine *Kaizo:*

"The time is bound to come when intelligent people will feel very strongly about the wastefulness of such a race.

"Human intelligence will demand another naval conference, and there may be, then, another new turn of affairs; but, until then, we must face the inevitable, and be resolved to win the race."

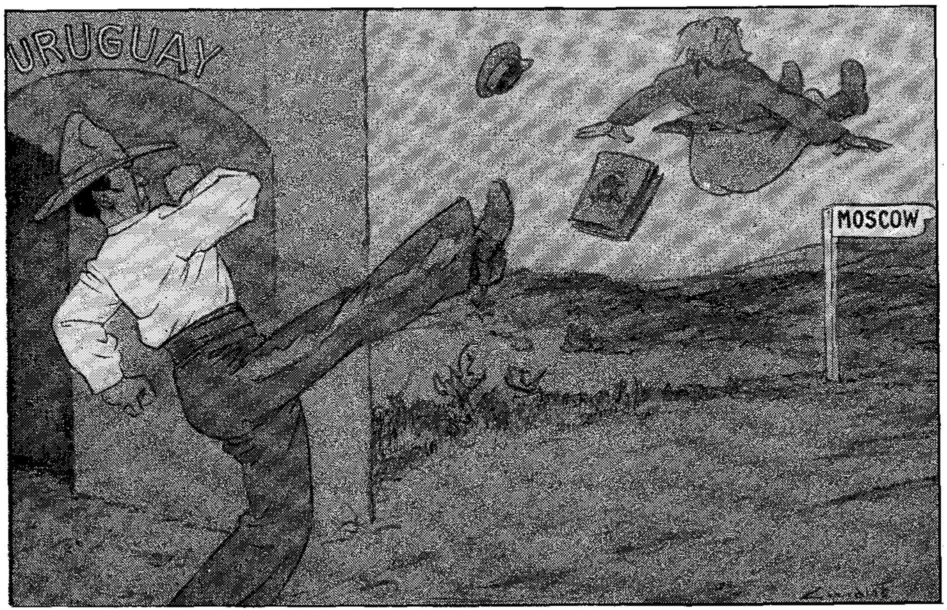


U. S. Navy Photograph

U.S.S. Tennessee *with "bone in her teeth": one of America's "Big Five"*

Red Alarms in South America

Paraguay Seizes Chaco Hero as Traitor; Railway Strike in Chile; Brazil Tries Communist Rebel Suspects; Mexican Industrial City Paralyzed



Uruguay's Boot to the Soviet Communist

—Kladderadatsch *(Berlin)*

Not so many weeks ago all of Paraguay hailed Col. Rafael Franco, stocky, forty-year-old, fair-skinned patriot, as the outstanding hero of the War with Bolivia.

A South American soldier of the best Richard Harding Davis tradition, Franco probably had more to do about the war than any one else. He is credited with starting it.

For years Paraguay and Bolivia disputed ownership of the Gran Chaco region, a green-hell jungle which cuts them in two. One day in 1928, without government authority, Franco led a small detachment of Paraguayans against Bolivian forces in the area. Thus the long dispute began.

A victim of political vicissitudes, he was kicked out of the Army twice for trying his hand at revolution. But during the Chaco War he was beloved by troops for personal leadership and bravery.

Seized as Traitor

Last week he heard himself branded a traitor and a communist. He was arrested, relieved of his command, and ordered deported to Argentina for plotting the Government's overthrow.

The Franco affair might have had only local significance had it not cropped out with a series of other activities in other South American countries which were attributed to communist influence.

Disconnected as they seemed, they bore a relation in the minds of some South Americans to the operations of Russian diplomatic and trade agents.

In 1926 the Amtorg Trading Corporation of New York set up a branch—the Iuyamtorg Corporation—in Buenos Aires.

Boris Kraevsky, fresh from Moscow, was made manager, received diplomatic status.

He got Uruguay to grant diplomatic recognition to Russia, and almost persuaded Argentina, Brazil, and Chile to do likewise.

Argentina, instead, expelled him in 1931 for communist activity. Iuyamtorg moved to Uruguay.

Break with Moscow

Then in January, 1936, Uruguay broke off relations with Moscow, blaming the Russians for financing the communist rising in Brazil in November, 1935. A few days later Iuyamtorg prepared to close up shop.

Far from being rid of communist influence, thereafter, South and Central America found themselves last week with an abundance of red activity on their hands.

In Chile a great railway strike broke out.

In Mexico, the industrial city of Monterey virtually closed down in a strike of employees and employers against what they termed an attempt to set up a communist dictatorship.

In Ecuador, President Frederico Paez warned communists, whose party has no political recognition, that they would be exiled to the Galapagos Islands if they continued agitation and propaganda. In reply their newspaper *Zumbambico* said they would overthrow the President.

In Brazil it was charged the Soviets had opened secret propaganda headquarters in Mexico City, as 200 red suspects in the revolt were prepared for trial.

Newspapers in South America were quick to see in all these events an evident organized red propaganda. In Buenos Aires the powerful *La Prensa* carried an editorial, "Communist Activities in South America."

"In view of the proofs resulting from the discovery of these movements, public opinion should be warned against the peril which menaces us in the muffled propaganda directed by Moscow," it said.

Ice-Carnival Revenge

Jew's Slaying of Nazi Agent in Switzerland Creates Tension

Skating, skiing and bob-sledding were at the height of the season at Davos, Switzerland, famous for its winter sports, on the first Tuesday in February when a murder brought into world-wide notice two men never heard of before.

David Frankfurter, a medical student of Yugoslav nationality, reached Davos from Berne that day with the fixed intention of killing Wilhelm Gustloff, forty-one-year-old militant leader of the Nazis in Switzerland.

Gustloff, a German physicist, attached to the Davos observatory, for some time had irritated Swiss Socialists by organizing Germans in Switzerland in support of Hitler. Because he gave assurances of his respect for Swiss neutrality, the authorities decided he could remain in Switzerland. The Leftist Swiss press, however, had long demanded his expulsion on the ground that he did not fulfil his promises to the Government.

The Yugoslav, David Frankfurter, made up his mind that he would avenge persecution of Jews in Germany and strike a blow at Chancellor Adolf Hitler.

February 4, at 4 P.M., Frankfurter called at Gustloff's home at Davos, where he was admitted by Mrs. Gustloff, on his request to see her husband.

She showed him into Gustloff's study. Inside, Frankfurter, without a word, drew a pistol, fired five shots, and Gustloff fell dead.

Repercussions Feared

Shortly after, Frankfurter surrendered to the police. The twenty-six-year-old assassin, according to the police, seemed well-balanced, answered questions calmly.

Serious repercussions between Germany and Switzerland were feared, because the neighboring nations previously had been involved in several incidents with the Nazis.

One problem recently was raised by the Reich military service law, which virtually enables Germans to become Swiss and remain German at the same time. Nearly 70 per cent. of the 4,066,400 inhabitants of Switzerland speak German.

Frankfurter, the assassin, will be tried before the Canton of Grisons tribunal. The law does not provide death for murder, but a minimum of fifteen years in prison.

Chancellor Hitler sent a telegram of condolence to Gustloff's widow:

"In the heavy loss you have suffered, I express to you, in the name of the whole German people, my sincerest sympathy. The nefarious crime that put an end to a life of a truly German man has created deep emotion and resentment in the entire nation."

Völkischer Beobachter ("People's Observer"), Hitler's own newspaper, said:

"If any further justification for National Socialism's stand in the question of the Jews were still necessary, this shameful deed has provided it."

At Gustloff's bier, this Nazi organ added, Germany "renews its vows to continue on its way without compromise in order to save the German people for all time from enslavement by supernational Judaism."

Der Angriff ("The Attack"), Berlin Nazi organ, remarked with vociferation:

"Germany is indignant. The people wonder how such a thing is possible in Switzerland. Nobody blames the Swiss nation for the murder committed by a Jew, but we ask why the Swiss authorities do not proceed against the dangerous poisoning of press propaganda leading to such tragic events."

In the view of the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger*: "The murder should convince Swiss authorities that special measures against Communists and Marxists terror emigrés and their activities are necessary."

Swiss Comment

Among the Swiss press, which countered sharply German attacks on propaganda in Switzerland, The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Zurich), German-language newspaper, pointed out:

"The Gustloff assassination is surely the deed of an individual fanatic, but, at the same time, it reveals the mental confusion of people in Europe to-day, worshiping violence, and threatening to destroy humanity."

This daily, even before the assassination of Gustloff, had declared forcefully:

"Gustloff's activity is of the greatest annoyance to Switzerland. Activities of the National Socialist organization have created alarm, and, hence, press demands for the expulsion of Gustloff are legitimate. . . . Authorities should consider whether the political activities of foreigners in Switzerland should not be prohibited."

Another German-language Swiss newspaper, the *Nationalzeitung* (Basel), was equally strong minded when it remarked without feeling:

"Gustloff practises his profession at his own risk. . . . Switzerland neglected no duty except the duty to protect her own interests against an alien whose behavior regarding Switzerland at the least caused suspicion."

Official Steps

Official action in the Gustloff murder was taken by the German Government when Baron von Weizsäcker, German Minister to Switzerland, called on Giuseppe Motta, Vice-President of the Swiss Federal Council, and head of its Foreign Affairs Department, to make sharp protest against repeated attacks of Left-Wing Swiss papers and parliamentarians on Gustloff.

The German Minister demanded a strict investigation of the assassination, this investigation to reach "the men behind the murderer," by whom inspired German press comment indicated are meant German emigrés, both Jewish and otherwise.

Following the assassination of Gustloff came an order by Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Nazi Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, to the Reich Association of Jewish Cultural Clubs, to cancel all scheduled events throughout Germany, and not to schedule more for an indefinite period.

British Gulliver Among Egyptians

Giant Diplomat Trying to Satisfy Eleven Leaders and Maintain Alliance With Empire While Ending Internal Dissension

© International

Still in the background: King Fuad of Egypt

Sir Miles Wedderburn Lampson, a gigantic British diplomat with a job to do, squared down at his desk in Cairo last week and prepared to unsnarl a vexing problem for King Edward VIII. His Majesty's High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan was in no mood to hook big fish or shoot big game. His goal was the pacification of eleven rowelled Egyptians.

In the British Diplomatic Corps, Sir Miles is the major sportsman. He seeks fish of 500 pounds or more and his powerful physique rejoices in the sport of bringing them alongside in record time.

Since the ascension of Edward VIII rod and gun have lain idle. On him fell full responsibility for tackling the major problem of Edward's empire—the Anglo-Egyptian question.

Lost to Turkey

Egypt ceased to be part of the old Turkish Empire in December, 1914. Great Britain occupied it and established a protectorate, an arrangement which ended in 1923, when Britain gave Egypt nominal independence under a Constitution.

This instrument quickly proved unworkable and was twice suspended. A third was promulgated in 1930. Internal political strife caused this Constitution to be shelved. For two years Egypt was governed by the so-called palace rule of decree.

Last January there was a crisis. Students, taking swift advantage of the concentration of British troops in Egypt in the Italo-British crisis, forced England to restore the 1923 Constitution.

London moved quickly. It acted to reopen negotiations broken off in 1930, and now looks for a permanent alliance. Such a result would ease the relationship between Egypt and Great Britain immeasurably. Conversations to that end begin to-morrow in Cairo.

In Sir Miles, King Edward has a diplomat without compare for the job. The son of a Newhaven, Vermont, financial genius whose fortune was built by a flyer in Atlantic cable, both he and his father have been knighted by the Crown. He entered the diplomatic service in 1903, after Eton.

The eleven dickering Egyptians will face a formidable man. Sir Miles is fifty-five, handsome, graying, and his hulking frame soars six feet four inches straight.

Other Gargantuanisms

His bulk will not be the only gargantuanism facing the conference. This will be the third attempt by England to extricate the Egyptian question from difficulties. Nominally, it is a conference to smooth working arrangements with the so-called independent realm of King Fuad.

Of the eleven natives who must talk with firm, somewhat inscrutable Sir Miles, six are members of the Wafd, or National, Party. Their leader is Mustapha Nahas Pasha, who is expected to be the next Premier when the May 2 election is held.

Sir Miles had long experience in China, and learned the value of inscrutability. He belongs, by nature, to the conciliatory school of diplomacy. He conceived and executed, for example, the Locarno Pact.

In the negotiations settlement of the Anglo-Egyptian question involves: (1) The security of Imperial communications, (2) the defense of Egypt against aggression, (3) the protection of foreign interests and minorities, (4) the status of the Sudan.

"The British desire was that these conversations should be conducted as between potential allies, because it has always been contemplated that an alliance should replace the present reserved points," said *The Manchester Guardian.*

Military Fulcrum

"It is held to be clear that most of those reserved points depend on the military aspect of any treaty and that in fact the military situation is really the fulcrum."

On this point the London *Daily Telegraph* agreed. It pointed out that "the military situation in Egypt has, of course, been entirely transformed, due to the presence of the powerful Italian forces in Libyan territory. . . ."

In the view of Maj. G. H. Reade, writing in the London *News Chronicle:*

"Never since the days of the Pharaohs has the future of Egypt been of greater world importance than it is to-day," he declares. "Vast British interests are at stake. . . . Vital French interests are also at stake, while Italian interests are of rapidly growing magnitude."

Modernizing Elizabethans of To-day

Isolation of Ragged Mountains Ended by Building of Blue Ridge Industrial School; Culture Follows Arrival of Gospel-Bearer

Courtesy of the Blue Ridge Industrial School, Virginia

"And so the day goes"—folk dances on the lawn at the Blue Ridge Industrial School

Two score or more years ago a woman church worker journeyed into the Ragged Mountains, near Charlottesville, Virginia, to help carry the leaven of the Gospel to a half-forgotten people. Stopping in one cabin, she asked the family whether they knew anything of God.

"Why, He has just been here," was the reply.

The reference was to the Rector of a near-by parish, the Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Neve, Oxford graduate, who had interested himself in the welfare of the mountaineers.

Mr. Neve, now a Venerable Archdeacon of the Episcopal Church, became a missionary to these archaic people. He taught them the meaning of the Gospel, and started a general drive for their mental, social, and religious development. The work was extended into the Blue Ridge Mountains, a part of the Appalachian system still peopled by a remnant of the Elizabethan age.

Later, an ardent young seminarian, the Rev. George Pickett Mayo, now a D.D., followed Mr. Neve into this hinterland. He established the Mission Home Settlement in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, twenty-three miles from Charlottesville.

Strangers to Locomotives

Most of these people had never learned to read and write. Few had ever heard the whistle of a locomotive.

Doctor Mayo concluded that what was most required was Christian industrial education, the work to be adapted to local conditions. Consequently, he set up the Blue Ridge Industrial School, which recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary.

The story of the effort of this young scion of a noted Virginia family is told in *The Living Church*, Episcopal weekly published in Milwaukee.

"Strange things," it says, "have been true of the hills and hollows of the Blue Ridge, and stranger things still have been told by the overimaginative to a credulous outside world. Life and the conditions of the hills twenty-five years ago, however, were sufficiently unusual, sufficiently interesting and unique, to satisfy any one without adding to actual facts, and much that was true then is still true, especially of the remoter sections.

"The year 1910 belongs to the days when the outsider was obliged to travel for many a weary hour, over many a weary mountain mile to reach the heart of the Blue Ridge, and to be undismayed by flinty road-beds and bawling streams and the steep pitches of seemingly impossible slopes.

Blue-Shadowed Hills

"One saw the great hills, deep in blue shadow, swing back as he advanced and then close him in—into a world with not only a beauty all its own, but with ways and ideas and atmosphere all its own, as well.

"The stern hills have been, certainly, the grim arbiters of the fate of the mountain people, for they, for generations, have stood back of most of their difficulties.

"And what have been these difficulties? The tangible ones—tortuous roads, steep hillsides, rocky soil, mountain barriers; the intangible — meager educational opportunity, the narrowness that springs from lack of contact, poverty, if that may be called intangible.

"But, in spite of all handicaps, the mountains have produced a sturdy, intelligent group of people, and even twenty-five years ago a stranger traveling through the hills was amazed at the quaint simplicity, the quiet dignity, and the really beautiful hospitality of a mountain home."

Blue Ridge Industrial school had its beginning before the advent of the automobile. Two days were required to haul supplies from Charlottesville to the tract at the foot of Bacon Hollow which had been purchased for farm and orchard. Some of the people were openly hostile at first to the invasion."

Isolation Ended

"But, to make a long matter short," continues *The Living Church* article, "the Blue Ridge Industrial School, in spite of isolation, unproductive lands, prejudice, and a sort of will-o'-the-wisp financial support, grew, and, in things more fundamental than money, prospered.

"Year by year, land was cleared, buildings went up, the student body grew, and confidence replaced prejudice. To-day the school's enrolment is nearly 200. . . .

"In 1910 the most advanced pupils had gone as far as the sixth grade. In 1912 there was a high-school department. In 1918 the first graduating class received diplomas. In 1926 the school was put on the State's accredited list. The same year regular courses in agriculture, home economics, and handicraft were introduced. A few years later, commercial courses were offered and training in shop work for the boys."

Consider the daily life of the school:

"The day's activities for one of the girls may represent an interesting variation in occupation. She may get up at 5 o'clock to help get breakfast. Pancakes for a hundred and twenty! And forty of them are unfailingly hungry boys.

"This girl and her associates can not afford to let grass grow under their feet. Seven-thirty finds her at the school assembly and half an hour later she is in the classroom learning a law of science or following the fortunes of *Macbeth* in her English work. Still later, she is at the handicraft shop, working out the delicate pattern of a hooked rug. More classes, a hike perhaps, or the practising of a play, study-hall after supper—and in between any little odd tasks which the needs of the moment may demand."

Fund to Aid German Jews

British and American leaders of Jewry told the National Conference for Palestine, meeting in Washington on the first two days of February, that there were only two things to be done to save their coreligionists in Germany from the Nazi régime:

"To protest by every means—moral and economic—against the outrage being perpetrated upon human rights, and to find a haven of security in other lands for the victims of Nazidom."

To that end 1,200 delegates at the Conference representing forty-two outstanding national Jewish organizations in America, decided to raise $3,500,000 toward a general fund of $15,000,000, to be gathered here and abroad, to promote upbuilding of the National Jewish Homeland in Palestine and the emigration of Jews from Germany.

The Conference also decided to support a complete boycott of all Nazi goods and services, and listened to a message from President Roosevelt in which he said he felt persuaded that the American people will "be ready to cooperate generously with the United Palestine Appeal which aims to provide a home for the homeless Jews." British Jewry was represented by Sir Herbert Samuel, former British Home Secretary and first British High Commissioner for Palestine; Lord Bearsted, Chairman of the British Shell Oil Company, and Simon Marks, British chain-store operator.

"Certainly," remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "the English-speaking people as a whole have no sympathy with anti-Semitism. How could they, when so many English and American families have an admixture of Jewish blood?

"Nor can the race to which we owe our religion, as we owe our culture to the Greeks and our government to the Romans, be driven, like Ishmael, into the wilderness."

Aiding Catholics in Mexico

With the clarion-like sound of a mission bell a new note has been injected into the status of the Roman Catholic situation in Mexico.

Archbishop Michael J. Curley of Baltimore has announced the creation of the Catholic Bishops' Commission, Inc., in New York City for the help and support of "Roman Catholic seminaries, colleges, schools, institutions, and other agencies which may aid the clergy and people of Mexico in Christian education or charity."

The words are attributed to Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State. They continue:

"Aid and assistance, through the proper legal means, of the people of Mexico in their efforts to obtain the rights of conscience and the freedom of religion. . . .

Purely Charitable

"The new organization is purely charitable. It intends to come to the defense of the suffering church in Mexico. It seeks to raise funds for those in dire distress, to perpetuate the priesthood, to educate Mexican seminarians, to promote Catholic education and to protect the Mexican Bishops, priests and people from the attacks of their godless enemies. . . ."

Members of the Commission include many high dignitaries of the Catholic Church. They expressed themselves as being gratified that, at last, a definite movement had been started to help the Church in Mexico, following years of protest here by Catholic clergy and laymen against conditions in that country.

The Tablet, Brooklyn Catholic weekly, felt that: "The announcement this week that a distinguished Committee of Bishops was working on a practical program to alleviate the miseries of our coreligionists, was well received and has been anxiously awaited for a long time. . . .

"The Commission will . . . make all America conscious of the plight of our fellow coreligionists and let the afflicted ones realize we are heart and soul interested in their welfare. . . ."

New York's Child Industrialists

Boys Picked From Neighborhood Gangs "Go for Business in a Big Way"; Direct and Operate 55 Money-Making Enterprises

One of the "businesses in miniature": the President and the Production Manager of "the Oddity Shop" examine book ends sent last year to President Roosevelt

Three New York industrialists, who watched adolescent boys and girls on New York's teeming streets get into trouble, put their heads together and hatched an idea.

They organized a small group into a company to make its own products, sell them, and get the profits. The youngsters elected a Board of Directors, a Sales and Production Manager, kept books, sold stocks to parents and friends, and declared dividends.

That was sixteen years ago. Now there are fifty-five such Metropolitan Junior Achievement companies in the New York metropolitan area. They have an office in the heart of the sky-scraper district, under the guidance of J. S. Mendenhall.

"We get in touch with some neighborhood gang," Mr. Mendenhall told *The Wall Street Journal*. "At first they're suspicious, but when they learn that it isn't charity and that they will have a chance through their own initiative to organize a money-making proposition along strictly business lines, they go for it in a big way."

Youthful Executives

"Boys and girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty are running these companies and running them well, as their neatly and accurately compiled reports will testify," continues *The Wall Street Journal*.

"Taken from a purely social aspect, the movement has done a great deal to explode adolescent ideas of communism and radicalism. It teaches the youth very realistically both the employer and employee side of business."

Enthusiastic about these young people who "teach themselves business administration without the expense of books and schooling," the New York *Herald Tribune* observes:

"Through managing their own businesses, which are modeled along accepted commercial lines, the boys and girls develop self-reliance and independence.

"Each company has from eight to ten members, and is a separate and fully responsible unit with its officers responsible for the success of the enterprise.

"The companies produce wooden, metal, and leather goods, needlework, and other decorative articles. Each person spends at least two hours a week in the workshop under the guidance of volunteer craft leaders. Excellence in design and skilled craftsmanship make the articles readily salable and several clubs have attained such perfection that orders flood their workshops.

"The raw capital with which to buy raw materials and equipment is raised through sales of stock. Shares with a par value of from ten to twenty-five cents are sold to parents and adult friends, but the company generally retains 40 per cent.

"During the past year every company has made a profit.

"The Oddity Shop in Flushing, oldest metropolitan group, grossed $300 from its leather and metal business, and after paying such overhead costs as rent, light, materials, and wages (ten cents an hour), and laying aside a reserve fund with which to retire its stock and expand its work, the company paid a 10 per cent. dividend and a bonus to its workers.

"Employers find that Junior Achievement-trained men and women easily adjust themselves to their jobs.

"Calls to headquarters for applicants to fill all sorts of positions are becoming increasingly frequent, and last year 60 per cent. of the company members, twice as many as in 1934, were employed, either whole or part-time."

Pitfall for the Modern Dramatist

The Changing Theater Makes Characters in Plays No Longer Unrelated Individuals, But Units of a Social Consciousness

Vandamm Photograph

Katharine Cornell, with Maurice Evans, in "Romeo and Juliet"

One facet in the changing theater is the increasing purpose of dramatists to identify the principal characters with the social consciousness of their times.

When it is done successfully, the characters stand out, fully-lighted and articulated. When the process fails, the characters are lost in confused mists and not even the play itself emerges clearly.

John W. Gassner, in a penetrative discussion in *New Theater*, utilizes important contemporary productions to develop the case for the theater.

"Among the sundry difficulties confronting the drama of our day, perhaps the most serious is the danger of either losing sight of the individual or being side-tracked by him," he says, before getting at the heart of his argument. "The problem is so apparent in serious playwrighting that almost any collection of contemporary plays would serve to illustrate it. But it is not always that two practically simultaneous revivals, like the recent productions of 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Ghosts,' provide a proper historical perspective.

Luminous Shakespeare

"From her tour through the country, Miss Katharine Cornell brought back a 'Romeo and Juliet' that was even more luminous than last year's production. Superlatives being in good taste, where they pertain, it is permissible to say of Miss Cornell that she proves herself, more than ever before, America's leading lady in the domain of serious drama.

". . . It is no secret that the theater has undergone a transformation since the time of Shakespeare. Character is no longer unfolded without relation to social criticism. The drama of the individual becomes in a sense the drama of society.

". . . It would be foolhardy to maintain that the individual, the person in the play, has gone scot-free in the modern theater; or that the drama has not suffered, as well as benefited, by the transformation it has undergone. It has been necessary to achieve some balance between the personal and social elements . . . and this has not been easy.

"Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' the most important play of the new dispensation, its landmark in fact, is an instructive example. . . . 'Ghosts' is a dull play; its situation is artificial and pat; its characters are largely firewood in a logician's poorly ventilated furnace. The present revival (now on tour) could have presented the play as a historical curiosity. . . . The play would have been as outmoded as a hoop-skirt.

Rescued Rôle

"Choosing more discreetly to present 'Ghosts' as a drama rather than a dated argument, Nazimova must rely in the main on character. She rescues her own rôle. Her *Mrs. Alving* is permeated with rich and appealing humanity.

"Matured by suffering, she is so much more self-assured than the *Pastor* that he looks like a child beside her. And she is a match for the ghosts that rise against her, especially as she administers the poison to her son when he lapses into idiocy. But Mme. Nazimova can not salvage the other king-pins. . . . Except *Regina*, the buoyant, vital girl, they are wooden."

From these two platforms of thought, Mr. Gassner wades directly into the stream of his project.

"There is no reason for blinking at the fact that the social theater (which is the major part of our serious theater), by its very concern with collective rather than private issues, is always in danger of legislating individuality out of existence.

"There is, of course, no necessary conflict between dramatization of the individual and social drama. People have not been known to live in a sealed vacuum, a man's occupation is a major factor in the formation and exhibition of his character, and the prevailing economic or political situation is a basic condition of his existence.

"In principle, social drama can only help to interpret the individual adequately. In practise, however, special pleading often warps the characterization. Sometimes bad dramaturgy is at fault, sometimes the abridgment of character is intentional, as in the work of the German expressionists and their adherents."

Lest any young, striving dramatist, seeking to learn the rhythm of the changing theater, become confused, Mr. Gassner charts the course deliberately.

Great Individualization

"To this observer, the tendency seems at present to be very much in the direction of great individualization. The Theater Union's treatment of 'Mother' stressed individual character more fully than its author's principle of the 'learning-play' would have allowed, producing in fact a conflict of styles."

The trick of dramatizing the situation of a whole people through the misadventures of one of them is not new in theater. Mr. Gassner is aware of that, but makes the point that not at any time in the history of drama has the device been so eloquently and persuasively used.

"Sometimes the absence of a rounded view of society is only moderately felt as a detriment," he concludes. "Sometimes, not at all. Mystery drama can be left to its own devices. It is wisest to let it revel and curdle in a world of its own, providing atavistic thrills and mental gymnastics at its own sweet will. Especially so when well invested with the appurtenances of theater as the Gilbert Miller production of 'Libel!' an English importation which no doubt has its American parallels. . . .

"Nor can one cavil to any extent at simple character studies like the current 'Victoria Regina,' culled from Lawrence Housman's highly literate album of episodes about the good Queen. It hardly pretends to be more than an animated portrait."

Vandamm Photograph

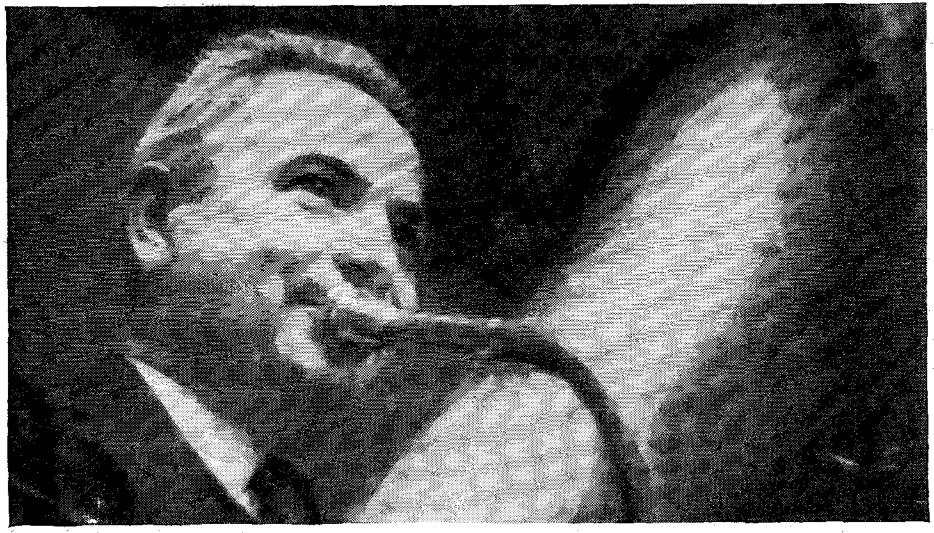
Nazimova, in a dramatic scene from her recent production of Ibsen's "Ghosts"

Great Orchestra to Tour Nation

Stokowski and His 100 Crack Musicians to Leave Philadelphia; Hissed at First, Maestro Drilled Master Players Into Symphony Group Drawing Audiences From Afar

Charles Gusikoff, one of four members of his family in the Philadelphia Orchestra, plays the trombone; he is also an ardent stamp collector

Anton Torello plays a double bass 'cello from his own collection, the world's largest



Photographs by Gruppo, Philadelphia

Philip A. Donatelli finds little terror in playing the tuba

For years Philadelphians have watched a tall, reed-like figure with silver hair leap upon a podium and, with batonless hands, draw music out of the hundred-odd men of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

At first—back in 1912—they sometimes laughed and hissed. Instead of the harmonies of Mozart or Schubert, they heard the discords of Stravinsky and the strange octaves of Schoenberg.

But, little by little, as the new music became more familiar, they grew more appreciative of Leopold Stokowski, the Conductor. The Philadelphia Orchestra won recognition as one of the great orchestras of the world. From all over America music-lovers swarmed to hear it.

Next April, to wind up his last season, Maestro Stokowski will pack his orchestra on a special train and take it touring across the continent.

Crack Musicians

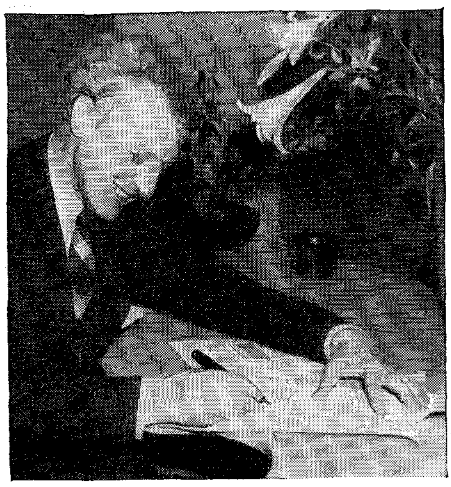
Cities from Boston to Los Angeles that know Stokowski only as a name on a phonograph record or an announcement over the radio, will see him in flesh and blood. With him will travel his hundred-odd crack musicians.

The train will have a bar and a circulating library. Among its ten coaches will be the shower-car used formerly by the American Olympic team. Its mascot will be Hansi, a miniature pinscher—as important to Stokowski's musicians as Yale's bulldog to her football team.

For one month until it rolls back again this train will be the home of men with many diversified talents.

Among them is a Polish Buddhist—Stanislaw Dombrowski, the violinist—who speaks Chinese fluently and hopes to be the High Lama in an Asiatic monastery. Sharing the same stand in the violin section are two former army generals who twenty years ago led Russian and Hungarian contingents against each other.

The flutist, William Kincaid, passes his



Leopold Stokowski signs the contract for his orchestra's nation-wide tour

In summer, William Kincaid likes to play his flute at Lake Sebago; (right) *J. Walter Guetter, first of the orchestra's five bassoonists*

summers dashing about Lake Sebago, Maine, in a speed-boat—when he is not practising on his flute.

In addition, the orchestra includes five distinguished philatelists, a ship's captain, a famous cook, an author, and a double-bass player who has the largest collection of double-basses in the world.

"Stoky" to His Men

Unlike many conductors who are respected but not loved, Stokowski has the affection of his men. To his audience he may be the "Maestro," but to them he is "Stoky."

Of his early life little is known. He admits that he is in his early fifties, but is reticent about the date of his birth.

This much, however, is known: that he was born in London of a Polish father and an Irish mother, that he studied organ at the age of sixteen, and that he was graduated from Oxford at twenty-one.

Coming to New York, the blond, blue-eyed Leopold became organist at St. Bartholomew's Church. An interlude in France as a theater director followed. Finally, he returned to America, and became a Conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Within a few months he had completely revitalized it. It became known as one of America's leading orchestras.

Describing him at this period, Samuel Chotzinoff wrote once in *The New Yorker:*

"Stokowski was twenty-seven. His eyes were very blue and absurdly innocent, his hair golden, his mouth small and sensitive. Looked at from an orchestra chair, this *Leander*-like figure was something to fill the breasts of the ladies' auxiliary with pardonable pride, for his arms and hands in action were both graceful and imperious, and his baton cut the air with the sharp incisiveness of an expertly-handled rapier.

"At the hands of other conductors, symphonies, especially in their slow movements, were apt to crawl along with the spineless lassitude of indifferent, elongated worms. Played by Stokowski they became alive and spurted electrical sparks. A nervous sensuousness informed allegros, staid wallowing adagios."

In 1912, already acclaimed, Stokowski went to Philadelphia. Here again he infused the orchestra with new life.

A vivid description of Stokowski's early days in Philadelphia was written some time ago by Virgilia P. Ross, in *The Outlook and Independent:*

"People guffaw and hiss. Critics wallow in acid mockery. Much of his audience can not understand. Schoenberg's five orchestral pieces, Varèse's 'Amèriques,' and the Brazilian, Villa-Lobos, for whose music Stokowski used three new instruments, drew snorts of disapproval. But hisses are grist to his mill. He fears only apathy.

"Stokowski plays what he feels he can transmit. He will not conduct popular music. He never attempts certain things which he feels do not belong to him.

"He walks a musical tight rope before many eyes. . . . He can not avoid the limelight. He does, however, afford to look on it with a condescending smile. As Deems Taylor has said, 'Philadelphia is a musical envelop. The man who licked the flap is Stokowski.' "

This, his twenty-fourth season, will be his last. Soon after the train rolls home, he will turn the baton—which he never uses—over to other conductors.

Revealing how Stokowski achieved recognition as a conductor, Arthur D. Pierce recently wrote of him in *The American Mercury:*

"Obedience to his merest whims he demands and gets. He drills and drills and drills. No one plays in the Philadelphia Orchestra because he has a pull with the directors. Every man must fill the bill, or out he goes.

"Stokowski has combed the nation for performers, in some cases waiting patiently for years to get the player he wanted for a particular berth. He has fitted each one into his orchestral pattern, matching them as a philatelist matches rare shades of postage stamps."

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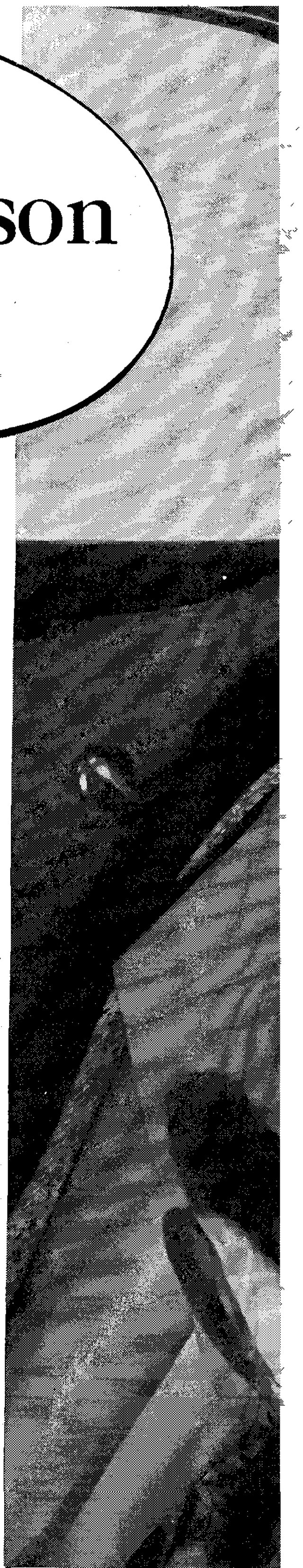

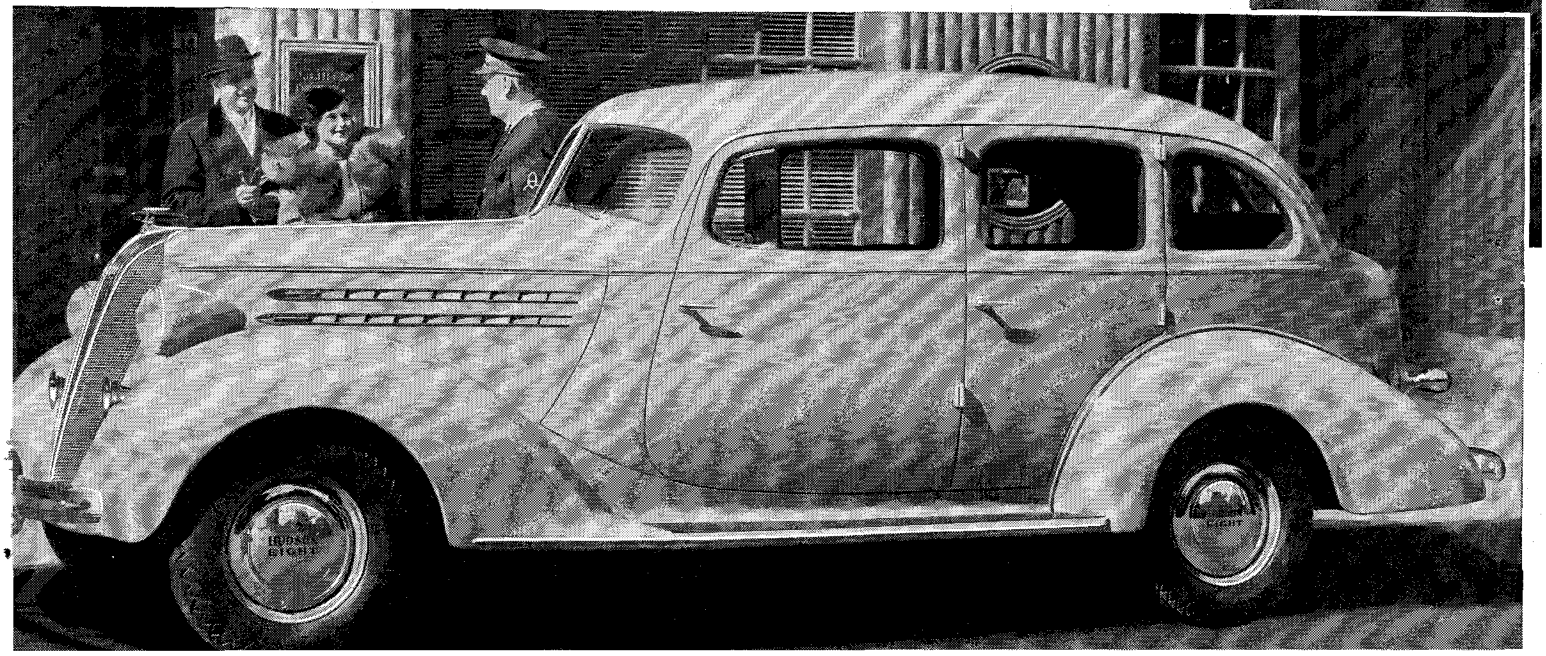

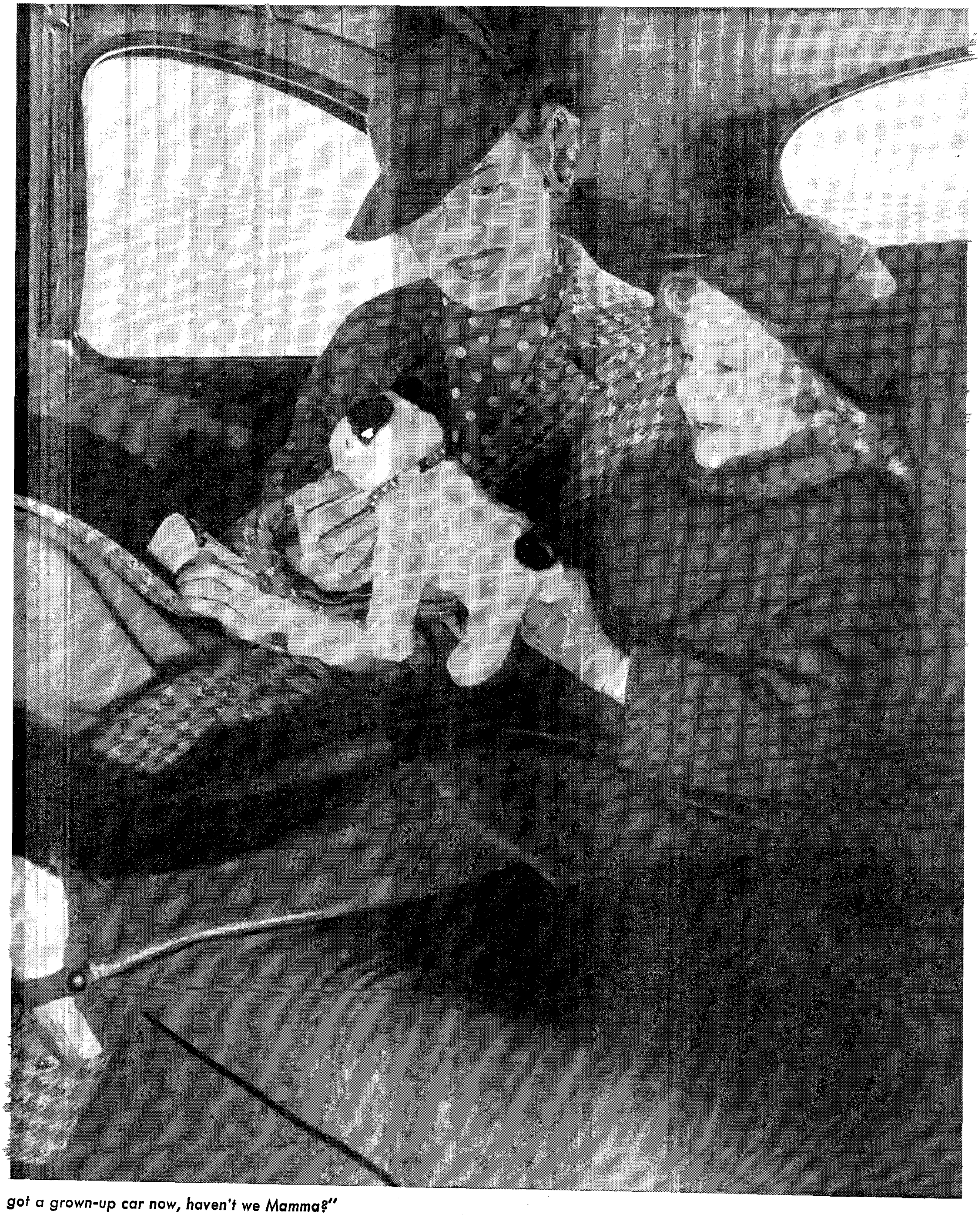

got a grown-up car now, haven't we Mamma?"

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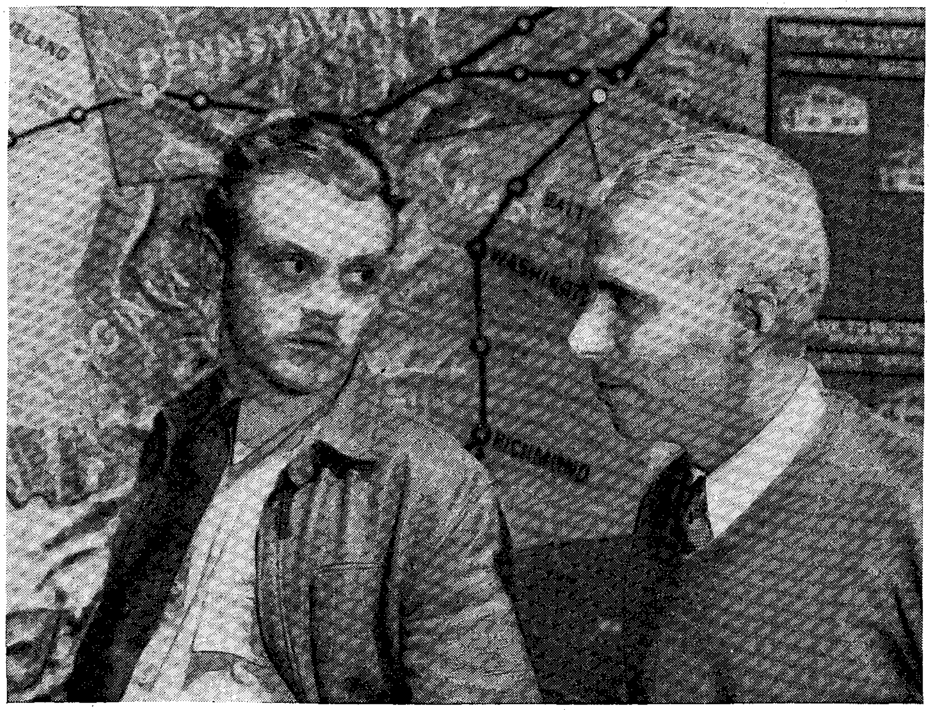
Ace Director at Pinnacle in Films

He's New Determinant of Box-Office Success; Changes Make-Ups and Personalities of Stars; Hollywood Finds It Has Too Few



Howard Hawks (right), *director of "Ceiling Zero," on the set with James Cagney*

Fiction, some fact, and the incautious public antics of the occasional misfit have given the public a sad composite picture of a Hollywood film director. Any director.

He is seen as a truculent, broad-shouldered madman with a wild glare in both eyes, a reversed cap on his head and a megaphone clutched in his right hand. He is never supposed to know anything about the story he is filming.

It isn't true. But, of course, "nothing is ever quite true in Hollywood," Cornelia Penfield hastens to confess in an article, "Ace Directors of Hollywood," in the current *Stage*.

"Just as we state authoritatively that the motion-picture director of to-day, dressed like the successful business man that he is, has definitely succeeded the putteed and megaphoned supergod of an earlier era," she explains, "out jumps Cecil De Mille with 'The Crusades' and James Cruze with 'Sutter's Gold'—bringing back every picturesque detail of white silk shirt, white riding breeches, boots, and cap.

"The point being that the director can do anything he wants to—*if* he is an ace. More and more the ace director is coming to be the determinant of box-office success, and he knows it.

Long, Slow Pull

"It has been a long, slow pull, but he has reached his pinnacle now, and is reaping the rewards that the studios and the public pay so gleefully. For the ace director is not one of the odd miracles wrought by the cinema gods. . . . If his time is now worth $75,000 or more a picture, it is because of the years he averaged ten or twelve dollars a week."

Miss Penfield traces the rising graph of the directors from the witless time when they spent $1,000,000 on eight reels of cotton candy, hoping the picture might regain a part of the investment, to to-day, when, cognizant of the always near-by banker, they direct a budget as skilfully as they direct a recalcitrant star.

"There is no better way of measuring concretely the responsibilities and incredible scope of a director's work than by watching an ace at work," Miss Penfield writes.

Shooting Activities

"It is the rehearsal and shooting of an operatic sequence that is at hand at the moment. We enter the great wooden shack housing the stage—a stage of gray battlements, a grayer sky, and one fat candle flickering on the table in the tower."

Electricians by the dozen tame and master sullen lights. Microphone tests are made in those spots where the star will stand and move. Seventy musicians go through a rehearsal.

The star enters, followed by seven persons: a musical tutor, a pianist, a secretary, a maid, a hair-dresser, a wardrobe woman, and a make-up expert. An eighth woman joins the retinue—the stand-in, the girl who looks enough like the star, is near enough to her size and coloring, to do all the dirty work of standing around while lights are adjusted, lens lengths are measured, and other details are fixed.

The star finally is ready and then has to be ministered to by hair-dresser and make-up master. Finally quiet is obtained, the lights go on with a crash, and a scene is shot. It may be shot over and over.

"The director is the only one who seems to be doing nothing," Miss Penfield observes. "He just sits and watches. So *you* say. This director, or any other ace director, has the incessant activity about him so well organized in his mind that the slightest distortion is felt immediately.

"He has seen the script when it was bought. He has seen it written and rewritten a dozen times. He knows every scene, in sequence or otherwise, every line, every nuance of expression.

"He has supervised the designing and making of the sets and costumes. . . .

"When at least 500 films are produced annually, with perhaps fifty of them rated as major; when ace directors flatly refuse to do more than three or four (sometimes only one) a year, we can see, pretty clearly, why there aren't enough to go around."

There are about 287 directors listed in "The Year Book of Motion Pictures." But, she shows, there is only one W. S. Van Dyke, one John Ford, one Jack Conway, and one William Dieterle.

Among other aces listed by Miss Penfield are Frank Lloyd ("Mutiny On The Bounty"); Clarence Brown, with "Anna Karenina" and "Ah Wilderness!" among many; the very young Mervyn LeRoy, James Whale, Victor Schertzinger, Chester Franklin, George Stevens, Howard Hawks, an expert on air-plane pictures, and Archie Mayo.

Others Near Top

Also in the top list are Norman Taurog, Frank Borzage, Victor Fleming, Robert Z. Leonard. At the moment, Max Reinhardt is considered, because of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a first-flight director.

"The dear public," she concludes, "may think it goes to see Girlie Church or Jane Peach; but, consciously or not, it goes to see how cleverly Girlie or Jane has been directed by John Doe, who has planned to have Jane change her make-up or Girlie her personality and has added fresh interest to familiar faces and slightly counter-mussed emotions.

"These directors, whose work places them in the ace class, have lived through the *Sturm und Drang* of the sound experiments, the temperament of so-called artists, and censorship.

"They have seen too many changes in the world, and especially in Hollywood, to attach much significance to theories. They know, also, that here, of all places, nothing is ever quite true."

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"Mutiny on the Bounty"; "A Tale of Two Cities"; "Strike Me Pink"; "The Story of Louis Pasteur"; "The Petrified Forest."

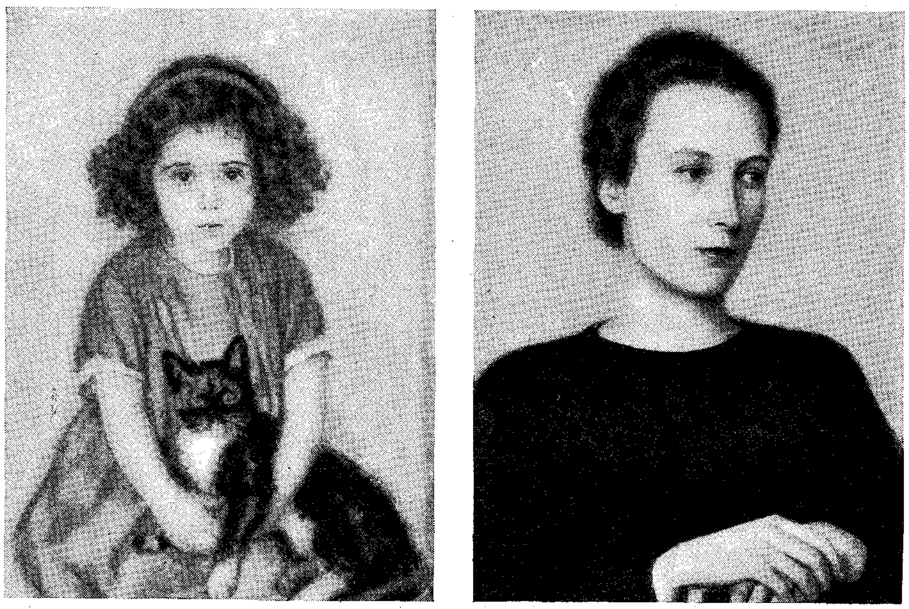
AAA—"A Night at the Opera"; "Annie Oakley"; "Sylvia Scarlett"; "The Ghost Goes West"; "La Maternelle"; "The Milky Way."

AA—"Hands Across the Table"; "Frisco Kid"; "If You Could Only Cook."

The ratings are *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

American Miniatures of Delicacy and Charm

Astute Feeling for Character, Color, Form, in New Exhibit; "Peaceful, Muted Minutiæ"



At the current show of the American Society of Miniature Painters: Harriet and Kitty, *by Sarah Eakin Cowan, and* (right) Mary Edmonds, *by Artemis Tavshanjian*

When the French impressionists brought a new technique to painting, toward the end of the nineteenth century, they were greeted with hoots of derision. In the music world, near-riots were caused successively by the advanced ideas of Wagner, Debussy, and, most recently, Stravinsky. In 1830, the spectators at Victor Hugo's play, "Hernani," tore the seats from the floor of the theater out of sheer annoyance.

While exponents of the other arts were waging their various battles, one art-form —the miniature—was persisting quietly.

Principles Old, Basic

To-day, as two hundred years ago, painters of miniatures are going along on fairly even keels, following old, fundamental principles.

Causing no riots last week, the American Society of Miniature Painters opened its thirty-seventh annual exhibition, at the Grand Central Art Galleries, New York.

The predominantly female membership demonstrated that it is difficult to be "extreme" in producing works generally less than half a square foot in size. Spectators were not confronted with wild splashings of color or frenzied Van Gogh-like works.

Instead, they saw delicate, frequently charming portraits, still-life subjects, and a few landscapes.

Despite the small size of the pictures, they reveal, in general, an astute feeling for character, color, and form.

This annual exhibition, wrote Edward Alden Jewell, in the *New York Times*, "offers a cup of kindly refreshment. It is, of course, a quiet little show, peaceful in its muted minutiæ as the streets of a taxi-struck city. . . . This Society . . . concerns itself with quality."

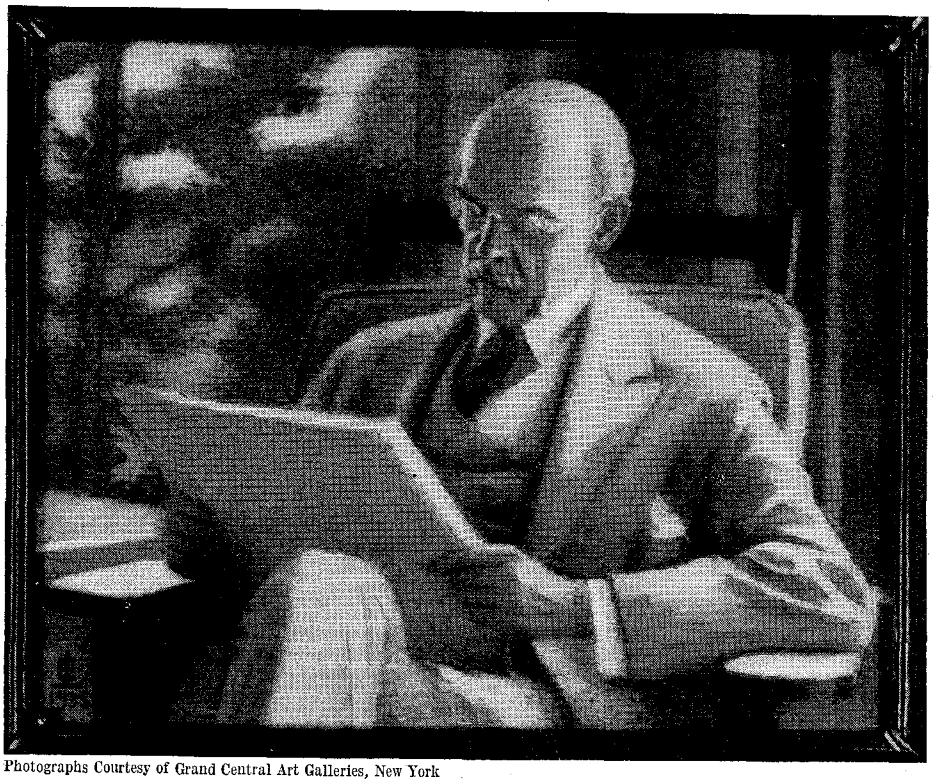
The Society has had to be particularly enterprising during the past decade or so, according to Mrs. Elsie Dodge Pattee, President. Founded by eight people in 1899, the group now has more than sixty members and associates, admitted at the rate of one or two a year.

The early years were easy ones, but the invention of photography caused difficulties.

"Now, however," says Mrs. Pattee, "people are beginning to realize once more that there is a difference between mechanical reproductions and individual, hand-painted art objects.

"We don't want to be judged by a special set of principles, just because our paintings are small.

"We ask to be judged by the same criteria which apply to other forms of art. The works selected for the exhibit are shown because they're good paintings, not because they're ingenious or because they crowd microscopic detail into a small space."



Photographs Courtesy of Grand Central Art Galleries, New York

Lydia Longacre's portrait of Walter Mills Bennet

Unearthing Famous Collection

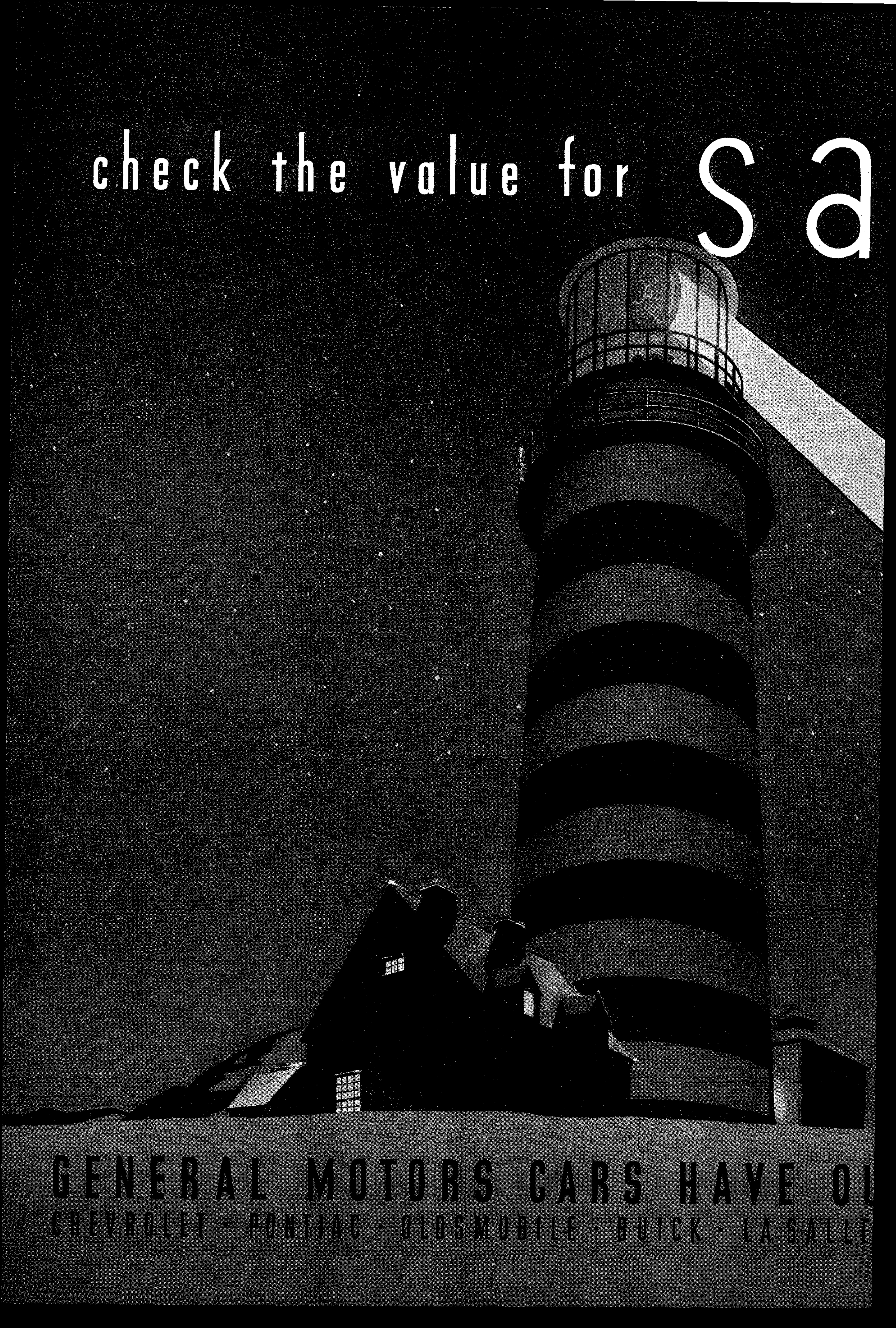
Five years ago, Thomas Benedict Clarke died. For more than fifty years he had been amassing probably the greatest collection of American portraits in the world.

These, it was hoped, would eventually be bought for presentation to some large museum, as a monument to George Washington; his portraitist, Gilbert Stuart; Abraham Lincoln, Samuel F. B. Morse, Robert Fulton, John Marshall, and other famous Americans.

Directed by Mr. Clarke's will to sell the 175 paintings for the benefit of his estate, the executors decided, during the doleful period of 1931, to wait. The collection, appraised last year by transfer tax-collectors at $1,024,800, could hardly have brought any such figure at the time. Several months after Clarke's death, an attempted auction sale was canceled when no offer met the estate's figure of $1,250,000.

Since then a storage vault has hidden from view the collection, which, said the New York *Evening Post* in 1879, "No patriotic American can see . . . without a conviction that art in this country is already something for this country to be proud of."

Last week, plans were made to unearth the Clarke paintings. They were bought by M. Knoedler & Company, a New York gallery. Whether the group will be resold collectively or piecemeal is undecided.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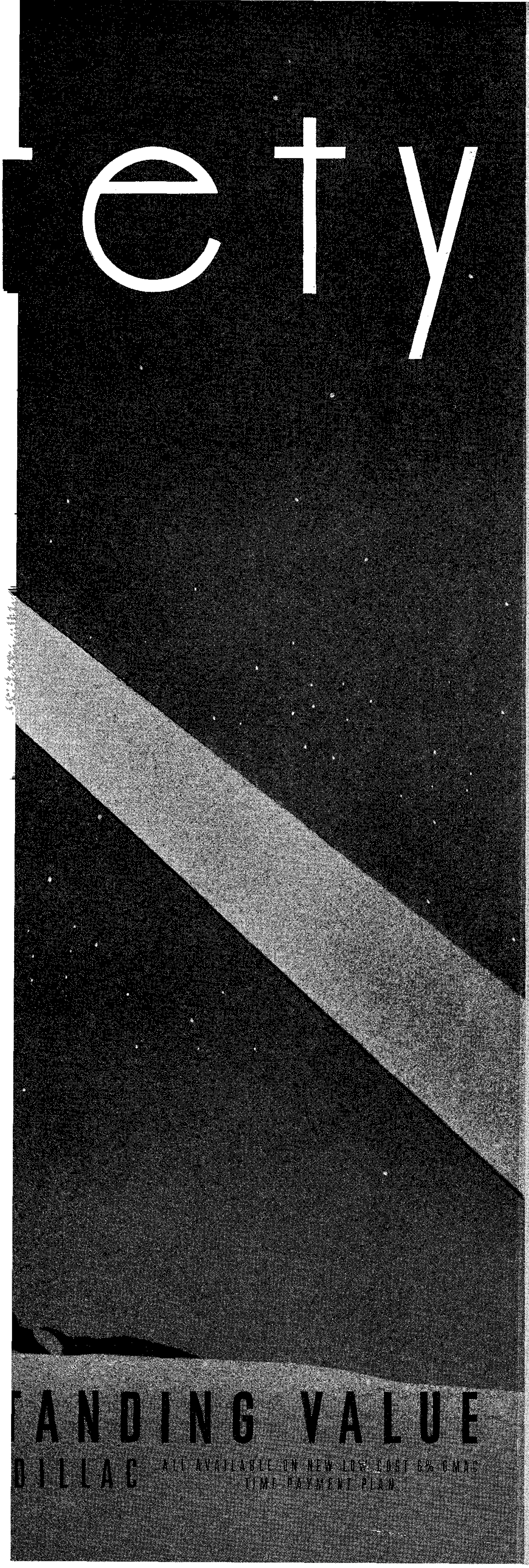
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News of the Book World

The Last Puritan. By George Santayana. 602 pp. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.75.)

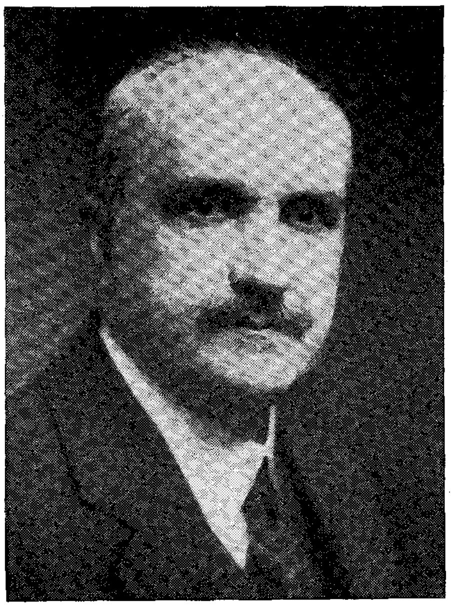
Mr. Santayana assures us that he has written "a memoir in the form of a novel," but the critical among the *cognoscenti* in a great fever of industry have been digging out philosophical wisdom from the work, a circumstance unlikely to encourage readers who depend upon books for relaxation, rather than for the substance of essays.

The author, born in Madrid, brought to America at an early age, educated at Harvard, and later called to instruct the pursuers of knowledge there, returned to Europe in 1912. He believed that an American would speak best for what lay in whatever mind the fabulous "average American" might have. But even as Lord Bryce told us better than all others what our Government really was (*vide* "The American Commonwealth"), and ex-President Lowell of Harvard told Englishmen better than all others what their Government really was, just so has Mr. Santayana contrived to give us a keener look at ourselves as others see us, as men and women.

Oliver, the hero, is the "typical American" described by proud public speakers on great civic occasions. That he is seldom met is immaterial. He is, rather, an American state of mind. His life, as related by Mr. Santayana, approaches the goal set for stalwart little Americans by anxious parents in search of the loftiness of spirit in their children that somehow passed them by.

Now, *Oliver* was no prig and the blue-laws associated by tradition with Puritanism would have been as repugnant to him as they are to contemporary *Mayflower* descendants. There was in him, however, the stuff of which Puritans are made. "Puritanism is a natural reaction against nature," Mr. Santayana explains. *Oliver* was in rebellion against the facts of life.

Throughout the book he is encountering the distress of the *Miss Pickleworth* of the prolog who envied people who didn't have a conscience because every night before going to sleep she had to make a point of thinking over everything she had done during the day "for fear she might have been too particular." *Oliver's* conscience was not troubled in exactly that manner, "but the passion for reality was beautiful in him" as he resisted the muffling of his mind "in worldly conventions."



Elliot & Fry

George Santayana: He gives Americans a "keener look" at themselves

Ironic Conclusion

This New World *Galahad* comes to an ironic end. Gone to the wars, he does nothing heroic. Indeed, he dies in the attempt to avoid a collision with a motorcycle after the Armistice. Oddly, it seems a fitting end to so magnanimous a person.

New England self-disciplinary rigors are dissolved by Mr. Santayana's urbanity, as are the civic impulsiveness of the Great Plains, the day-dreams of the West Coast, the hardy materialism of the Middle Atlantic seaboard and the aristocratic remnants of the traditions of the Deep South; but the state of the American mind remains, a precipitate that is *Oliver.*

Mr. Santayana believes there is a poetry in prose; his acquaintance with New England gives him a warmer and more sympathetic understanding than that of some of our most vigorous native-born appraisers, and the working out of *Oliver's* destiny to its "logical end" affords a reader an experience the current book list only too seldom offers.

* * *

Innocent Summer. By Frances Frost. 365 pp. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; $2.50.)

Frances Frost is not without a considerable reputation as a poet, and even as one turns to Mr. Santayana's novel with a deep curiosity concerning what a philosopher might do with fiction, in such manner does one encounter this poet's experiment with story-telling.

The result is what some might call a lame novel. In its pages are young children and young folk astonishingly aware of the human Vermont scene about them, so that the tale of their comings and goings becomes a study of the adolescent New England mind which, one suspects, has been bent to Miss Frost's will. But Miss Frost in other moments contributes stretches of prose beauty, and her narrative has its own peculiar fascination.

Meet, then, *Don,* the sickly boy who would sail the seven seas and seeks his escape in the bemusings of the poets; *Mart,* who obtained a quick, fleeting perception of the tragedy in her mother's life when *Mom* said, defeated, "It's always somebody else that's gittin' liked"; *Fern,* who befriended the orphan *Don,* and yearned toward *Sam; Sam,* who had an ambition to get a good schooling and whose *Pa* thought it was all "a waste of time"; *Dorothy,* hoydenish, born of a stern mother and a sympathetic father; *Sam's* mother, who told him a big secret the while she put ointment on the welts made by his father's belt; all the odds and ends of a small town whose elders were narrow and whose children had not yet submitted to the necessities of merely living.

Frances Frost, whose first novel "Innocent Summer" has just been published

The elders get a fine raking over the coals by Miss Frost, who appears to believe that the older generation is failing in its duty to the younger.

Miss Frost has remembered the deep interest of children in the affairs of children. Perhaps therein lies the weakness of her story: she has tried to write her novel from out the eyes of childhood, rather than according to an adult's memories.

"Innocent Summer," for all its sometimes grimy youthful fumbling, has its brilliant moments.

* * *

The World of Myths. By Frank Chapin Bray. 323 pp. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.)

The average American's knowledge of mythology is usually not even good enough to get him through a cross-word puzzle. He may have a nodding acquaintance with Mars and Venus and Ra, the Egyptian sun-god. Beyond them, he founders.

In "The World of Myths," Frank Chapin Bray has taken "a flight into the Mythosphere which encircles the globe," and come back with a dictionary of mythology which ought to bring joy to the hearts of students and cross-word puzzlers and the average American. There is everything about mythology here.

Beginning with Europe and the Mediterranean countries, Mr. Bray covers Celtic, Nordic, Slavic, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and Phœnician mythology. Then he goes successively through Asia, Africa, the Pacific, and the Americas, delving into the myths of people you have never heard of.

"The World of Myths proves to be a scholar's help that is also a lay reader's recreation," said the Brooklyn *Eagle,* "and those who must put on the dog at the dinner table and astonish the guests by their erudition will find it a gold-mine."

In each geographical section the subjects are listed alphabetically. Guides to pronunciation are a blessing, and the brief introduction to each section makes the book more than merely a dictionary. There is a complete index.

Shaw Bounces His Wit Into Miami

Tosses Brickbats, Bouquets, Wise-Cracks, With Egotism to Give a Stinging Edge; Constitution, President, and King Not Immune

All the world knows him by his three initials and his great white whiskers.

For years, basking in a veritable constellation of floodlights, he swore he would never set foot in America.

Then, in 1933, George Bernard Shaw broke down and came—initials, whiskers, and all.

Before 4,000 listeners in New York's Metropolitan Opera House he described a 100 per cent. American as "a man who talks splendidly and has nothing to say"; the Statue of Liberty as "a monstrous idol"; and the Constitution as "a charter of anarchism."

Newspapers found much of his talk amusing, some of it tiresome. Surprizingly, they used the word "mild" of this lean, ascetic Irishman who, for more than thirty years, had been the "bad boy" of literature.

Last week, George Bernard Shaw returned. On tour through Southern waters, his ship stopped at Miami, Florida.

Bouncing at 79

Past seventy-nine, still turning out one play after another, Shaw has retained the brisk, bright bounce of his wit.

Asked to "say a few words," he retorted: "I never say a few words. I start out with 5,000."

Here are some of the 5,000:

For the Constitution, he still had a brickbat: "Chuck it in the ocean. You're making it into rags with amendments."

For President Roosevelt, a bouquet: "You have a good President, but the bad Constitution is getting the best of him."

For Miami, a wise-crack: "I don't like Miami worth a damn. How can I? I haven't been ashore yet."

For Edward VIII, advice: "The King has reached middle life without a wife. Why shouldn't he go on without one?"

For himself, a gibe: "By the time a tree [planted in Miami as a memorial to him] would grow up, the world would have forgotten who Bernard Shaw was."

Egotism Edges Wit

The great G.B.S. is not always so modest. A classic example of the egotism that gives edge to his wit and sting to his rebukes is the anecdote of an interviewer, who said:

"I have met nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, and they all admire your works."

"I am glad," flashed Shaw, "to see that the level of royal intelligence is rising."

Other interviewers, however, have found him extremely diffident. Explanation of both qualities is found, perhaps, in Shaw's own description of his youth:

"A horribly shy and diffident young man, producing an impression of brazen impudence, because, I suppose, the ability of which I was unconscious asserted itself through the ignorance of which I was all too conscious."

In the first nine years of his writing career he earned only $30. Indeed, he blundered into writing by accident. "I wanted to be a painter, an opera-singer—not a writer," he says.

His first real dramatic success in London—"Arms and the Man"—came after he was forty. But he had already won recognition in select circles as a music and drama-critic, and as a brilliant essayist for London's socialistically-inclined Fabian Society.

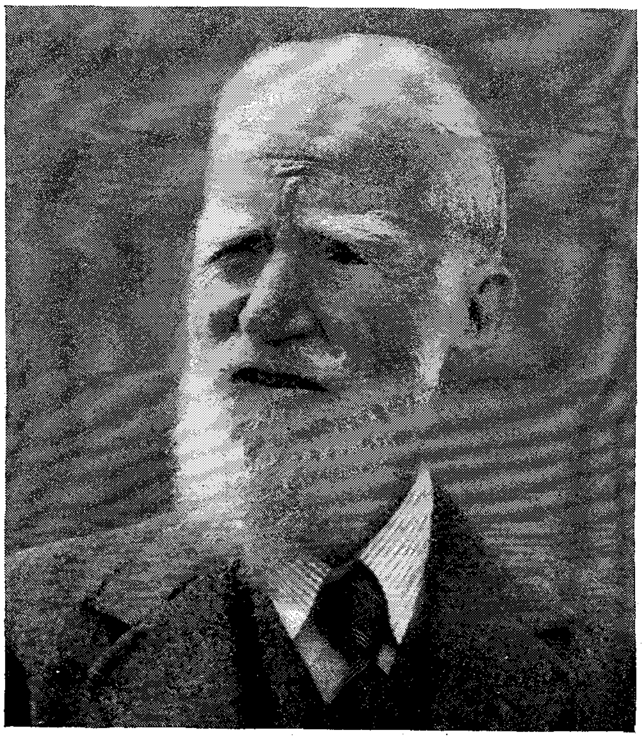
Here is what he thinks of himself:

"I am an Irishman, a vegetarian, an atheist, a teetotaler, a fanatic, a humorist, a fluent liar, a social democrat, a lecturer and a debater, a lover of music, a fierce opponent of the present status of women, and an insister on the seriousness of art."

And here is what, last week, the Miami *Daily News* thought of him:

"The constitution of George Bernard Shaw's one-man world is to be different. Were Shaw to advise us to 'save the Constitution,' we would expect it to be overthrown tomorrow.

"There isn't a chance in a million that the United States will accept the Shavian advice, and no one knows that better than Shaw. But we decline it with thanks—thanks that once more the brilliant wit of one of the world's great personalities has spurred us to recheck the reasons for our decision."



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G. B. S. "broke down and came—initials, whiskers, and all"

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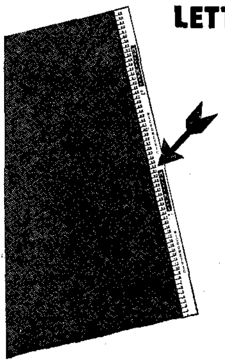

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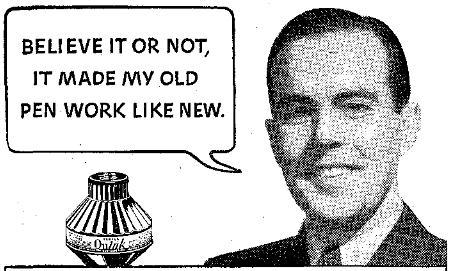
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Current Poetry

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WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

By Margaret E. Sangster

Washington and Lincoln, they march ahead to-day,
Hewing out a trail for us, showing us the way—
Showing us that valor lives, and courage never dies;
And that hope may dawn again in sad, lack-lustre eyes!

Washington and Lincoln—straight and tall and grave—
What a legacy they left, what a gift they gave!
What a gift, transcending all little doubts and hates—
For they gave, by sacrifice, these United States!

Lincoln and Washington—to-day they march ahead,
Carrying a banner that is white and blue and red;
Telling us that lips will smile, and hearts once more will sing,
When the nation learns to join in love and neighboring!

Lincoln and Washington—pioneers are they,
Hewing out a trail for us, showing us the way;
Telling us of brave ideals on which the nation stands,
Blessing us, across the years, with dim, uplifted hands!

—*The Christian Herald*

FIRST LOVE

By Helen Welshimer

Child, do not weep because a tall lad leaves you;
The hurt will bruise for such a little while,
This is not love, but only love's beginning;
Pick up your crumpled dreams, be brave and smile.

First love is sweet, a preface to devotion.
Not having known a tear, a qualm, a pain,
How could you chart the high road which will lead you
To older love that flows in richer vein.

Child, hold your heart more proudly for its sorrow;
It will be well to-morrow—young hearts heal.
You are a woman . . . keep these words for comfort . . .
Rejoice, my dear, because you throb and feel.

—*Good Housekeeping*

DUEL

By Elias Lieberman

Life is a lord of sunlit domes;
Death is king of the catacombs.

You and I—in a parting breath—
Tremble as life flings a glove at death.

Life is a youth with a glittering shield;
Death is a swordsman who bids him yield.

You and I—and a taunt like a knife—
Pause while death makes a thrust at life.

Death is a bleached and barren plain;
Life is the silver, slanting rain

Mocking the waste land . . . You and I
Watch a duel of earth and sky.

Master of Cosmos and all therein,
Help life win!

—*Silhouettes*

AUTUMN WARS

By Robert Troy Herridge

Now shall the heart reject what the mind beholds
And attest with words of breath against the sky;
Finding the shrunken hollows where a starling scolds,
Watching the tawny willow darken and die.

The strangely quiet mind with a deeper sorrow
Hears the sound of footsteps in the hills,
Feels the breaking moments, the plunging to-morrow,
Yields in meadows where specter sunlight spills.

The fretted heart that tippled the swinging stars
And called itself a God with sanguine sight
Will not resolve itself nor cease its wars
When the final cricket jars the heavy night.

Always the mind shall pity the heart in pain
Which generations of death can not dispel;
For it knows that the changing heart will not retain
What the wiser mind has stored in every cell.

—*The American Mercury*

LADY: 1935

By Rain Rollins

She glistens, eloquently dark
Against the marble post, her coat
Curved like a careless question mark
Behind her pale astringent throat.
Those pearls men broke their lives to get
From rotten mouths beneath the sea,
And pilfered tombs for that bracelet
Of faceted chalcedony.
Unending civilizations wore
Their fingers down to empty bone
In slimy stalls of Singapore,
Along the valleys of the Rhone,
To make her burnished body smell
Like violet and asphodel.

—*From "Columbia Poetry."*
(Columbia University Press)

OF LIFE

By Lillian Wright

Write well, my pen; be sure and true;
Make no misstatement, and no lies;
This is a manuscript that you
May not revise.

—*Kaleidograph.*

Hal Phyfe photograph

Margaret E. Sangster: Her lyre is tuned to melodies that reach deep into the heart

Science and Medicine

Scientific Tests for Telepathy

Duke University Experimenter Finds Way to Entrap and Judge the Frail Magic of "Hunches" and Intuition; Warns of Dangers

Is telepathy, mongrelized by years of vaudeville trickery, at the threshold of becoming a science?

Astonishing experiments have progressed to a point where private home tests are invited. With them goes the candid warning that, despite the fun of using the mind as a messenger boy, there is hazard, perhaps tragedy, as a possible reward for psychic tinkering.

"Reading" down through a pack of cards: Dr. J. B. Rhine (right) *records the subject's calls*

The man who took telepathy out of the music hall and put it into the laboratory is slim, youthful, impetuous and mop-haired, a rapt believer in the theory that the human mind is, to more or less degree, a sensitive broadcasting station with messages for those with minds capable of tuning in the right wave-length.

He is Dr. Joseph Banks Rhine, whose experiments at Duke University keep people awake nightly from North Carolina to California.

Simple Directions

His directions for attempting clairvoyance experiments, either individually or between friends, are simple.

Mainly, success depends, he says, on possession of the "gift" to some extent, favorable mental conditions to a large extent. Then:

"First, a genuine interest is required. Preferably a fresh spontaneous curiosity to see if you can do it.

"If you are skeptical and can not 'give yourself a chance' whole-heartedly, you are likely to fail, as you would at any mental tasks. You do not need to believe it possible, intellectually speaking. Simply play the game for the fun of it, with genuine interest to see how many hits you can get. The more naïve you are about it, the better.

"Concentration is needed. Self-consciousness is bad. Distraction of any kind is bad. It is better to work alone at first, or with only one other interested person. A crowd nearly always interferes."

The equipment for the test is simple: a deck of twenty-five cards bearing a total of five symbols, one on each card.

The symbols used by Doctor Rhine in local and nation-wide experiments are: star, rectangle, parallel wavy lines, cross, and circle. The symbols may be drawn on twenty-five pieces of paper. Five matching symbols are drawn and laid out face up on the table. Then the deck is shuffled, cut, and laid face down under the hand.

"Now decide what symbol is on the bottom card . . . then draw it off and lay it opposite that figure on the table. Continue thus calling the bottom card, and after calling it, place it opposite its appropriate symbol until all twenty-five cards are placed. Then count the hits made.

"Five hits per twenty-five is the chance average. . . . An average of eight hits per twenty-five for four runs (100 trials) . . . or of six for thirty-six runs, would be regarded as 'significant' . . . it is 150 to one then that chance is not the explanation."

The indication, for a high score, is that the subject is clairvoyant—he has the "second sight." Doctor Rhine has called it "extrasensory perception." His experiments may be trapping the mysteries of "hunches" and intuition.

In more than 100,000 trials, conducted since 1927, he has obtained results that seem billions to one against the operations of pure chance. Mathematically, at least, he has shown that, in some persons, perception without use of the ordinary senses does in fact exist.

Support for Doctor Rhine's faith can be found in "Man, the Unknown," the recent book by Dr. Alexis Carrel, who wrote: "Those endowed with this power grasp the secret thought of other individuals without using their sense organs. They also perceive events more or less remote in space and time.

Quality Exceptional

"This quality is exceptional. It develops in only a small number of human beings. . . . Clairvoyance appears quite commonplace to those who have it. It brings them knowledge which is more certain than that gained through the sense organs. . . ."

It was no easy thing for Doctor Rhine to polish his theory with scientific respectability.

He and his companion in many of the experiments, Dr. Louisa E. Rhine, his wife, had been graduated from the University of Chicago as biologists. They decided to risk their futures and applied to Prof. William

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[*They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description*]

You ought to know . . . for your health's sake . . . what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you . . . that rushes unassimilated food through your system . . . that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down—internally abused. But, we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are *too* graphic. This is a family magazine, not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is *correctly timed.* Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

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McDougall, head of the Department of Psychology at Duke, for opportunity to work in his laboratory.

"Rhine and his wife appeared on Professor McDougall's door-step one day . . . just as he was about to step into a taxicab and take a steamer for a world cruise," Waldemar Kaempffert reveals in the New York *Times*, "and informed that distinguished psychologist that they had made up their minds to abandon psychology.

"McDougall was both appalled and impressed. It seemed 'magnificently rash,' as he says, for a man without resources to throw over an assured academic career in an accepted science to enter a field which to most university professors reeked of fraud, self-deception."

Dismaying Results

None the less, he helped them get a post at Duke. Doctor Rhine experimented with children, then college students. The results were dismaying. Then he tried hypnotized subjects and, finally the key to the science, specially gifted students. Results followed impressively.

He is careful to distinguish between clairvoyance and telepathy. Clairvoyance, he says, is perception, such as symbols on the cards. Telepathy is "mind-reading." Persons gifted with one ordinarily possess the other.

Distance, he holds, makes no difference. Indeed, better results are obtained when test subjects are separated by rooms. High scores obtain when several miles intervene. Remarkable results were obtained at a distance of 1,000 miles.

In distance tests, watches are synchronized. At a prearranged time one subject thinks of a card symbol. One thousand or more miles away, another subject concentrates for three minutes. He is trying to guess the symbol the other subject knows. He writes down his guess. Sealed reports are sent to Doctor Rhine.

Studies Premonitions

Last week he was busy with plans for extensive experiments with premonitions. When experimenters seem to receive mental signals from a distance, he wants to know, are the messages transmitted instantaneously, is there a time lag—or does the message sometimes arrive *before* it is sent?

Doctor Rhine does not hesitate to acknowledge that there is danger in the experiments.

"Especially does the explorer in the realm popularly called the 'psychic' need to keep his skepticism on the alert," he told an audience in New York recently.

"For this realm is largely as yet in the jungle, and it is perhaps the most hazardous field of research that science has ever had, judging by the percentage of its investigators who have lost their reputations, their jobs, or their common sense. Even the number of suicides is outstanding.

"But with all its dangers it is, I believe, the greatest field for intellectual high adventure that the student has before him to-day. The perils add to the zest, and the size of the game is unequaled. If any fraction of the tall stories is even in part true, here is such a jungle then as the hand and mind of man has never before cleared and domesticated, either literally or figuratively."

Extracting the Truth

A lie is the criminal's major weapon of defense. Accused of his crime, he tells lies; moreover, he gets others to lie for him.

Three years ago Otto C. Lucy, a humane consulting psychologist of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, was impressed with the capacity of criminals to lie, but strongly disapproved the brutal "third-degree" methods sometimes used by the police in efforts to get at the truth. He set himself the task of applying psychology to the job.

Last week, in *The American Interne*, he revealed a new method of "truth extraction" that gets results, he said, in 80 per cent. of the cases.

"We take the accused into some room where he can completely relax. . . ." he explained. "I then ask the prison physician or county physician to give sodium amytal [a mild drowsiness-producing drug]. . . .

"As soon as this is done, I walk to the back of the individual, asking him to relax his head, and I make the suggestion that he is getting sleepy, that his eyes feel drowsy. And after we have started the hypnosis of sleep, I ask him to think about the crime he is accused of committing.

"I ask him to recall the details of it, but I do not make any suggestion about any of the details. . . . If I did so, this might cause him to admit certain things that I had suggested.

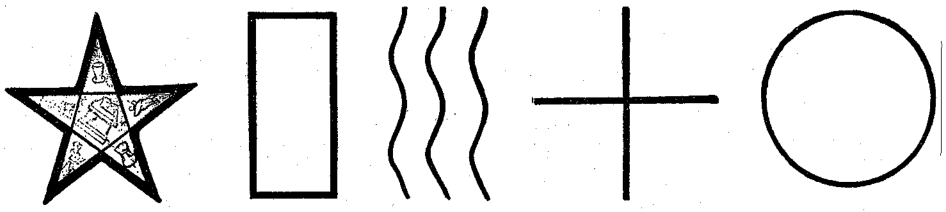
"I then suggest that he tell the truth. 'While sleeping you are going to tell the truth about the crime. . . .' "

In one instance, Mr. Lucy related, he examined a girl criminal who feigned loss of memory. Under drug-induced hypnosis she supplied information with which the District Attorney was able to solve several crimes.

He examined a woman who had been accused of murder, and also her accuser. The truth brought out was that the accuser had been trying to "frame" an innocent person.

So much does the method depend on suggestion, that in many cases the drug itself is superfluous.

"Distilled water can be just as effectively used," wrote Mr. Lucy, "that is, if you tell the accused, 'This serum I am giving you will put you to sleep.' "



These symbols, printed on cards, are used in mental telepathy experiments

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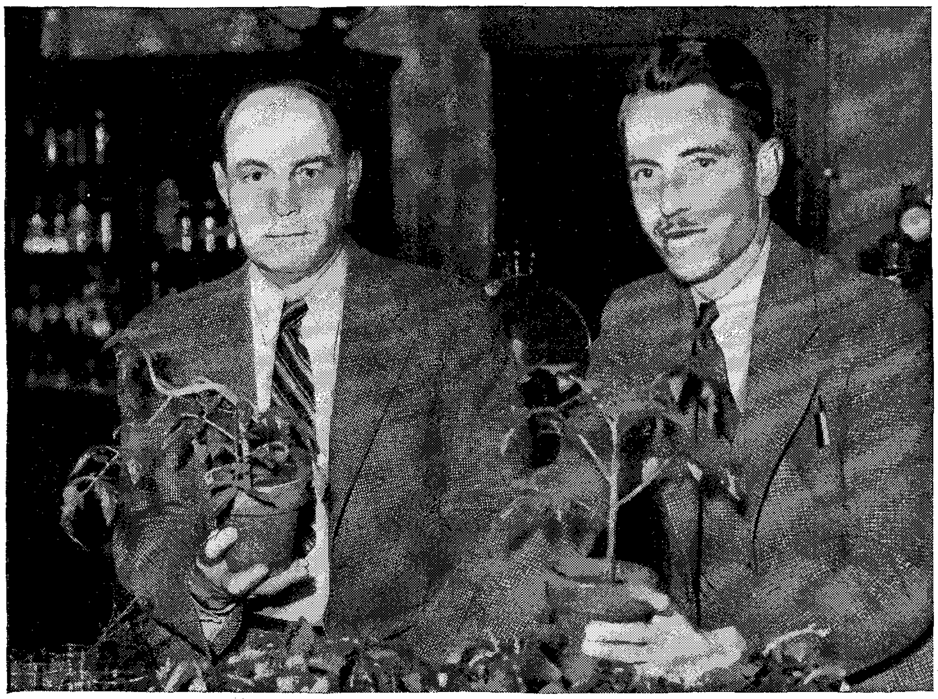


Science Service

Dr. P. W. Zimmerman (left) *and Dr. A. E. Hitchcock* (right), *plant researchers, holding treated and untreated plants used in their experiments*

During the War a stocky, baldheaded copper millionaire, impressed by the worldwide food famine and reflecting sagely that humanity is dependent upon plants, decided to found a laboratory where scientists could solve the problem of making two stalks grow where only one grew before.

He was William Boyce Thompson. On a high hill above Yonkers, New York, he founded the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research in 1924. To head it he called Dr. William Crocker, an astute botanist-administrator, from his Professorship at the University of Chicago.

Doctor Crocker chose a staff made up mostly of farm boys who had become his graduate students at Chicago. Forthwith, this group, including half a dozen women, began to work miracles with plants.

Ripening by Gas

It wasn't long, for example, before Dr. Frank Earl Denny discovered how to hasten the ripening of grapefruit and oranges by subjecting them to ethylene gas, often used as an anesthetic in hospitals. Later he learned how to speed up potatoes so they could be made to sprout a week after digging, instead of six to eight weeks.

Doctor Crocker himself found that young plants are particularly sensitive to gas, especially carbon monoxid, ethylene, and acetylene. When one of these gases is in the atmosphere, even in quantities too minute to detect by other means, young tomato or sunflower plants take on a peculiarly disheveled appearance.

Young tomato plants can be used to locate a slow leak in a gas-pipe by putting them near the suspected place.

Last week a curious public saw a third of the Boyce Thompson plant miracles in Horticultural Hall at Rockefeller Center, New York. Dr. Percy White Zimmerman and his former graduate student at the University of Maryland, wiry Dr. Albert Edwin Hitchcock, demonstrated the weird, almost gruesome effect produced when the stems of growing plants are treated with one of sixteen or more chemicals discovered at the laboratory.

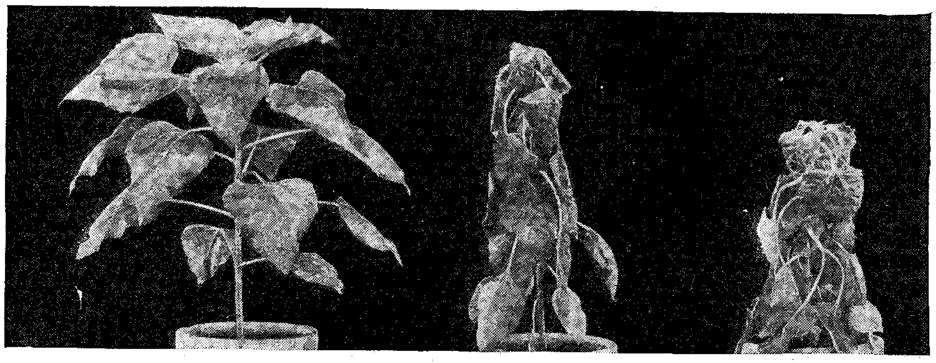
These substances, some of which are plant "hormones," may be placed in the soil, or applied directly to the stem of the plant. The first result is rapid, rocketing growth, followed by the appearance of roots at the site of application.

"Truly amazing is the only clear way to typify the discoveries . . ." commented *Science Service*. "Tiny rootlets grow out of the stems at the point where salve [of the chemical] is applied, or come out all over the main plant stem if the growth material is placed in the soil. . . .

"For one thing, practical agriculture will have a new means of propagating plants, for the new hairlike rootlets can be made to grow several inches back of a branch tip. When the whole end, roots and all, are cut off, the scientist has a new little plant to be placed in the soil."

In their waxed and glistening laboratory in Yonkers, surrounded by growing plants in every stage of deformed grotesquery, Doctors Zimmerman and Hitchcock are now performing experiments that even other botanists at present know nothing about. They hope to grow "artificial" roots on every conceivable kind of plant, and in every imaginable part. Roots are made to grow on other roots, from the tips, stalks, and leaves, and even from the flowers.

Last December, to their astonishment, the American Association for the Advancement of Science rewarded their research with a cash prize of $1,000.



A sunflower "treated" by carbon monoxid: before the experiment (left); *after several hours' exposure to air containing 1 per cent.* (center) *and 25 per cent.* (right) *of the gas*

Making Real Radium

For two years experimenters have been announcing the creation of various kinds of "artificial" radium, but all have been entirely synthetic—in no way a duplication of nature's radioactive elements.

Last week Dr. John Jacob Livingood, Research Associate in the radiation laboratory of the University of California, caught up with creation itself. Turning the laboratory's giant "cyclotron" (THE LITERARY DIGEST, Dec. 28, 1935) upon bismuth, and bombarding it with double-weight hydrogen atoms, he produced the first "real" artificial radium.

Tests showed that he had made a tiny amount of radium E, one of the ten forms of natural radium, and seventh in the line of disintegration from radium proper to lead.

"The conversion of bismuth, heaviest non-radioactive element, into radium E is considered final proof that the apparatus [the cyclotron] will induce changes in every kind of matter," says *Science Service*.

"The deuteron (heavy hydrogen) bullets used . . . are obtained from heavy water costing approximately $600 a pint.

"These bullets are shot from the cyclotron at velocities of 12,000 or more miles per second, at the rate of one hundred thousand billion per second. Substances placed in the path of this barrage are disintegrated or fundamentally changed in nature. Recently platinum was converted into gold."

Wadsworth: "Good Earth" Farmer

Possible Republican Dark Horse Runs 13,000-Acre Farm "in New York," But Not on "Roof-Gardens"; Courageous, No Pussyfooter

Acme

Representative James W. Wadsworth of New York: "popular, courteous, courageous"

Farmer, an ardent wet, formerly a United States Senator, to-day the name of Representative James W. Wadsworth of New York crops up wherever Republican political cohorts convene.

By many he is regarded as a G.O.P. dark horse who could snatch the Presidential bacon from Franklin D. Roosevelt's hands. To others he would make an ideal running-mate to Alfred M. Landon if the Kansan should get the Presidential nomination.

Shrewd Legislator

He is a shrewd and able legislator, the fifty-eight-year-old descendant of a line long prominent in the political life of New York State. He is a veteran of the Spanish-American War. And he is a practical farmer who none the less moves in the most exclusive social circles.

He lives in a three-story brick house erected by his great-grandfather more than a century ago on a farm estimated to contain 40,000 to 60,000 acres in and around Geneseo, upper New York State, where he was born on August 12, 1877.

With a great pride of ancestry he is none the less a simple-living man. When he dresses up, his attire is immaculate. But frequently he is to be found on Geneseo's main street, dressed in overalls, boots, a bedraggled sweater, similar to that worn by his hired men.

This is not affectation. He is a real farmer. His political honors have never weaned him away from the good earth.

Once, says the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, "Wadsworth disappeared from the political life and friends back home were advised that he was in the Texas Panhandle, where he was the manager of a 500,000-acre cattle ranch. He tells this story:

" 'When I was down there, I was loading a car with cattle to ship to my New York farm. Down there they seemed to think, as do many other folks, that New York means Broadway. So while we were loading, a cowboy rode by and in his drawling voice remarked: "Cattle to New York! Well, I suppose you'll turn them loose on the roof-gardens."

" 'He was a bit taken aback when I told him I had 13,000 acres of such roof-gardens.' "

His hair is thinning now and his tanned face is seamed, but he is vigorous, hard-muscled. Tho not an orator he is a forceful, direct speaker with a pleasing voice. Rugged of frame, with a fine head and chiseled features, he smiles readily and infectiously. He is exceedingly popular, has a keen, alert mind, and is innately courteous to political friend and foe.

Courageous Wet

He is courageous. Back in prohibition days when to be a wet frequently spelled political suicide, "Jim" Wadsworth stuck by his guns. Up for reelection to the United States Senate, he disapproved the Eighteenth Amendment, and said so. An independent Republican candidate running as a dry entered the campaign, split the ticket and Wadsworth lost. But in 1932 he was elected to Congress from the Thirty-ninth District—a post he now holds.

Long opposed to the New Deal, he once said: "If the Republican Party evades or falters and turns to pussyfooting as it did with prohibition and allows that New Deal to be written into the statutes of the land, then there will be little reason or excuse left for the Party to exist."

Third Woman Senator

Attractive, about forty years old, the newly appointed Senator from Louisiana is a definite personality. While her husband, the late Huey Long, was in the limelight of the world, Rose McConnell Long remained quietly in the background. Now, with graceful and tactful charm, she emerges.

Third woman to be sent to the United States Senate, Mrs. Long is possessed of great finesse and womanly dignity. About five feet four inches tall, neither stout nor thin, she has hazel eyes under a crown of softly waved dark-brown hair. She dresses well but conservatively, affects dark clothes.

She was born on a farm near Greensburg, Indiana. When she was ten years old her parents took her to Shreveport, Louisiana.

In 1911 she met Huey Long. Some say that a prize winning cake which Miss McConnell had prepared started their romance. She is amused by the anecdote. She is an excellent cake-baker, but her late husband was not fond of cake.

Two years later, April 12, 1913, they were married at Memphis, Tennessee. Their combined fortune amounted to $400. They borrowed an additional $400 from a relative. Throwing up his job, as a cottonseed-oil salesman, Huey enrolled as a special student in law at Tulane University. Thanks to his wife's assistance he completed the three years' course in seven months.

He then went into politics. For many years she was his secretary, amanuensis, and dispenser of Long propaganda.

Style-Conscious

She runs capably the fifteen-room house on Audobon Avenue in New Orleans where she and her three children make their home. She is fond of crocheting, and when it comes to clothes is definitely style-conscious. Not particularly fond of jewelry, nevertheless she wears continuously one beautiful ring set with her birthstone: the diamond.

She is pleased that Gov. James A. Noe has appointed her to fill her late husband's unexpired term in the Senate, but sometimes she is a little nervous and humble about the honor which has come to her.

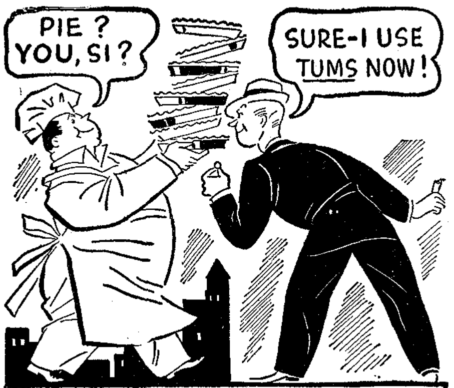
The Cleveland *News*, however, is not so pleased. "Southern chivalry is something wonderful," it says, "but it is also something foolish when it insists on sending women to the United States Senate just because they happen to be the widows of Senators.

"Mrs. Huey P. Long, widow of the Louisiana Kingfish, is the latest to go to Washington because Southern chivalry takes it for granted that widowhood qualifies her to make laws for the entire country. . . ."

The Providence *Journal*, however, takes a different view. "The reports from Louisiana," it states, "credit Mrs. Long . . . with a demonstrated mental capacity of her own. Something more than sentiment entered into her selection. Senator Overton of Louisiana says: 'She is conversant with national and local affairs, and with local State politics. I heard Senator Long once say he thought she had the best political judgment of any one he knew, and that he would rather trust her advice than that of any one else.' "

© Underwood

Mrs. Huey P. Long: "sometimes a little nervous and humble" about her new honor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Press

Youth as GO in G. O. P.

Young Republican *Makes Appeal to Junior Element in Party*

"Youth puts the GO in G.O.P."

With this as its slogan, *Young Republican*, a national magazine, made its first appearance on the news-stands last week. As emphasis the cover bears a cartoon of an elephant, leaping ecstatically into the air, after a young man has dosed it with a hypodermic syringe labeled "young blood."

"Forty-two per cent. of the voters are of Young Republican age—twenty-one to thirty-six," the magazine states. "Estimates place the number of Young Republicans actively engaged in Young Republican work at slightly over three millions. Our goal is nine million Young Republican voters in November, 1936."

The editors urge young voters to join the Young Republican National Federation.

Advice to Party

Typical excerpts from articles in the magazine follow:

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, on "Wanted—A Definite Plan": "The Republican Party is again in opposition, as it was at the elections of 1888, 1896, 1916, and 1920. Mere attack upon the Party in power, however well grounded, will not suffice. The people must be offered an alternative plan. . . .

"We must turn our face against the insidious and widely-preached notion that there is a necessary class conflict in our social and political system. This is nonsense. We have no classes in America."

Bertha Baur, Republican National Committeewoman from Illinois, on "Where the Roads Cross": "To-day young voters are at the crossroads. They are stopped. One of the two roads open to them has been traversed for 150 years—they know all its corners and curves, its ascents and descents, and it has brought them forward safely.

"The other is the road that they have traveled but a short distance and already have found filled with cracks and rocks, with dangers lurking on all sides."

Barbs for Political Heroes

Dedicated to the idea that "national heroes are not a *total* loss—they are good for a laugh," *Satire*, an illustrated monthly of political "razzing," has appeared.

The March issue contains a rimed satire on New Deal officials and excerpts of former statements by President Roosevelt under the caption: "O Memories that Bless and Burn."

Nor are the Republicans forgotten; there are unflattering pictures of Hoover, Borah, Knox, and Landon.

Sample editorial: "Ostensibly, all candidates are lads with noble ideals and great wisdom in political science. Bilge. Your average politician . . . the only political science he knows is keeping himself and his mob in office."

Fast

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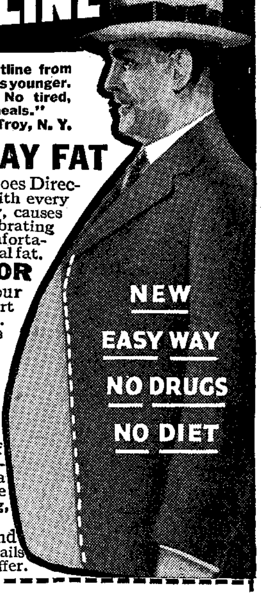

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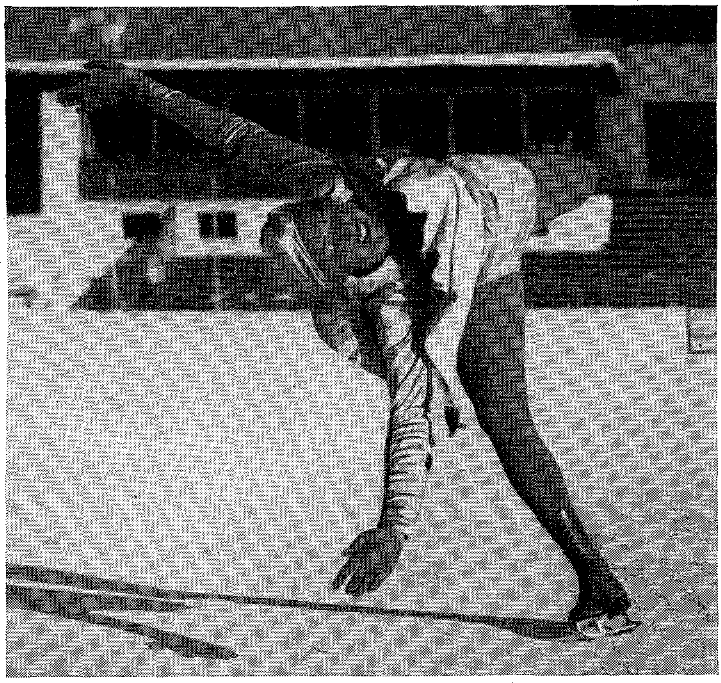
1936 Winter Olympics in Bavarian Alps

European

Why they need a portable bar atop the ski-jump at Garmisch-Partenkirchen: looking down the jump

Keystone

Robin Lee, sixteen-year-old U. S. figure-skating champion, member American Olympic team

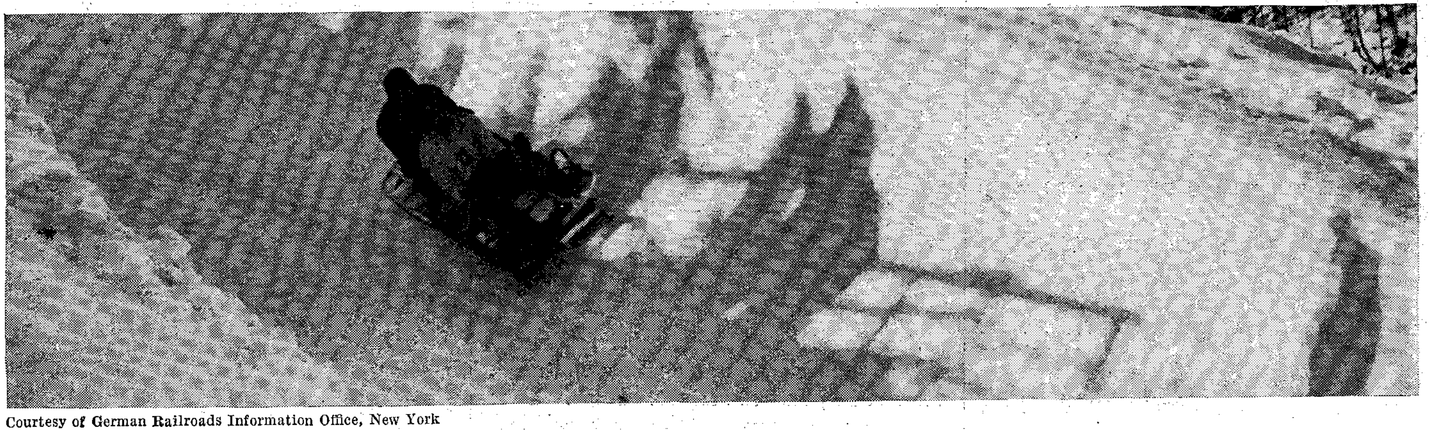


Courtesy of German Railroads Information Office, New York

Maxi Herber, German figure-skating champion, combines sport and esthetics

Wide World

Allan Potts, ace speed-skater representing United States, at Garmisch-Partenkirchen



Courtesy of German Railroads Information Office, New York

One of the most dangerous sports in the world: rounding the Waxenstein curve on the Olympic bob-sled run. More than 100,000 persons gasp at this event

Première in a Snow-Storm

Winter Olympics Ushered in by Chancellor Hitler as United States Takes Opening Hockey-Match at Garmisch-Partenkirchen

A stocky, serious-faced man with flashing dark eyes stood bareheaded on a balcony in a little Bavarian town last week. Flakes of snow nestled in his close-cropped mustache. A driving wind whipped his brown uniform.

To 50,000 people, gathered for the Winter Olympics in the Bavarian Alps, Chancellor Adolf Hitler said:

"I declare the Fourth Winter Olympic Games of 1936 at Garmisch-Partenkirchen opened."

The crowd shivered in the snow. Several assembled bands, their rubber-sheeted music ingeniously protected from the weather, blared "Deutschland Ueber Alles" and "Horstwessel," official Nazi anthem—and, finally, the Olympic hymn.

As the strains of the hymn died away, church bells in Garmisch-Partenkirchen rang out simultaneously, the flames of the Olympic torch soared heavenward from a huge steel tower next to the ski-jump. The Olympic flag, with its five intertwining circles, was hoisted. Cannon salvos thundered and reverberated from valley to valley.

Marching before the balcony of honor, 1,061 contestants from twenty-eight nations paid tribute to Hitler. As each flag passed, Hitler jerked out the stiff-armed Nazi salute. Each time the brown-uniformed arm was thrust forward, a shot rang out.

The crowd roared loudest for the Austrians garbed in heather-green coats, short breeches, and hats with jaunty feathers. For the Canadians the applause was scattering. The Americans did not render the conventional salute and received no applause.

Later in the day, the American hockey-team opened competition for the eleven-day fête of hockey, bob-sledding, figure and speed skating, and skiing, barely beating the German team, 1-0. Next to take the ice were the Canadians, favored this week to retain their Olympic hockey-laurels. The Canadians trounced Poland, 8—1.

Next day the Americans beat the Swiss hockey team 3—0, and Canada overwhelmed Latvia, 11—0. Thundering down the ski-run, young Birger Ruud of Norway captured the downhill ski event. His time was 4 minutes, 47.4 seconds.

To offset charges of propaganda, Nazi officials prohibited the wearing of Party uniforms at the scene of the Olympic games. Shop-windows were strangely bare of swastikas and portraits of Hitler. Best player on the German hockey team was a Jew.

Information was given quickly and accurately. Price-boosting and profiteering in lodging were banned, altho some cafés charged the equivalent of $1.20 for ham, eggs, and coffee. Residents of the town had been taking lessons in English and French.

The hockey-matches were played on an artificial rink immune to sun and warm breezes. Ammonia-compressors pumped a quick-freezing salt-solution through a network of pipes twelve miles long, laid beneath an ice surface an inch thick. Electric clocks timed the play, sirens screeched the end of each period.

The most spectacular construction was the Great Olympic Ski-jump, with its 142-foot tower and a take-off from which it was possible to soar from 250 to 300 feet.

The bob run, designed by Stanislaus Zentzytzki, who supervised construction of the one used at Lake Placid, spiraled from the starter's hut on a shoulder of the Waxenstein Peak down one mile and a quarter. The grade is 10 per cent.

Steep Curves

Drivers had to negotiate sixteen curves of varying intensity from the gradual Killian Loop, named after Germany's foremost bob-sledder, to the tricky turns of the Labyrinth, around a double-reverse bend, and the Bavaria hairpin-curve.

Bob-sleds, contestants, and puffing spectators were hauled from the valley floor to the starter's hut on a funicular railroad. The bob-sled teams were clocked to a hundredth of a second by an electric device.

Altho the Olympic rules do not provide for any official rating of teams, an unofficial rating gives ten points for a first, five for a second, four for a third, three for a fourth, two for a fifth and one for a sixth.

One American reporter, Paul Gallico of the New York *Daily News*, provided something of a sensation the day before the games began by descending Mount Kreu-

Black Star Photograph by Paul Wolff

Snuff, a beard, a pipe, Tyrolean caps; local color at Winter Olympics

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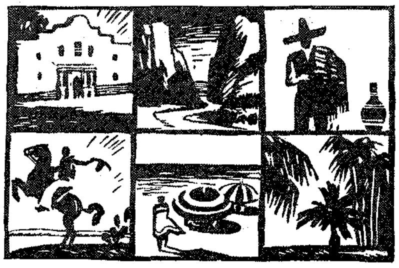

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zeck on skis. He negotiated most of the journey on the small of his back. He explained he had learned to ski in a New York department store.

Throughout the eleven-day event, cafés in the little town were jammed to capacity each night by merry-making crowds. The chief unofficial host to the Americans was Karl Schluter, moon-faced former resident of Brooklyn, now a Storm Trooper. Taking the Americans a team at a time, Schluter, who went to Germany for employment, gave a party for each at his company's barracks.

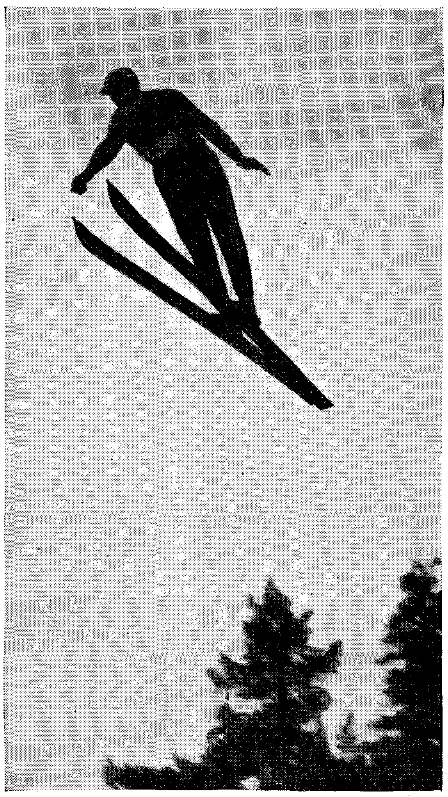
Café Atmosphere

Describing the atmosphere of the cafés in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Gallico wrote in *Vanity Fair:*

"The Hofbrau Stuberl . . . has one great room with long, wooden trencher-tables ranged down either side, accommodating from ten to twelve, and, in the center, toward the rear, is a huge round table, 'der Stammtisch.'

"You would no more think of sitting down there than you would of walking into the old Union Club and occupying a chair in the window. No, the Stammtisch is reserved for great-chested square-bearded old men in leather hose and leather jackets, the wise old men of the community, who puff their long-stemmed, porcelain-bowled Bavarian pipes, drink their beer, and, occasionally, grunt, or drop a deep monosyllable. . . .

"The air is thick and warm and heavy and sweetly fragrant with smoke and things cooking, and leather and beer. . . . In the rear of the room is a quartette of yodelers and others with accordion, guitar and zither, and they play and sing when the spirit moves them, and you sing right along when the spirit moves you . . . you doubt whether you will ever be in a better place, or more completely crown your life."



Wide World

Man against the sky: Casper Oimoen, member of the United States Olympic Team

Bitten by a Hobby

Dogs Come First With Dr. Samuel Milbank, Who Deserves Most of the Credit for Success of This Year's Westminster Show

Edwin Levick Photograph

Dr. Samuel Milbank and one of his field-trial springers: his hobby comes ahead of everything

To millions of American owners of honest "mutts" and mongrels, dog shows are little more than a manifestation of canine snobbishness. To them, a dog is a dog, a pedigree a bore.

To serious dog-fanciers a dog show is an important event and a means of acquiring material reward for years of careful and intelligent breeding.

To Richard Ely Danielson, Editor of *The Sportsman,* a dog-lover is indifferent to pedigrees and presumably to shows. In the current issue of his magazine, Editor Danielson took pot-shots at pedigree-worshipers:

"We consider ourselves as the dog-lovers of the world . . . we breed for type or for efficiency in our canine servants, not because we like dogs *qua* dogs, but because we like trueness to type or hope for relative excellence in type. . . . We take pride in them as tributes to our own sagacity and wisdom."

This week America's largest indoor kennel show, the Westminster, was held in Madison Square Garden in New York City amid the familiar scenes of barking terriers, scolding toy-dogs, roaring St. Bernards, thousands of curious spectators, white-coated attendants rushing into the proper ring dogs to be judged, indignant owners of dogs not placed, proud owners of winning entries, photographers posing huge Great Danes with tiny Chihuahuas for "human interest."

More tolerant of dog shows than Mr. Danielson was the editor of *The Spur,* who wrote of Westminster in the February issue: "More dogs, more breeds, more exhibitors, more prizes and trophies—in short, more of everything that goes to make Westminster one of the country's major sport events. The good that a show like Westminster accomplishes is far-reaching. When sportsmen and sportswomen are banded together in a common interest—the dog—it does seem as if all's well with the world."

To Westminster's sixtieth show this week went more than 50,000 spectators and 2,920 dogs—largest entry in the club's long history. Kennels from the forty-eight States, most of the Canadian Provinces and several European countries sent their best dogs.

Busy Chairman

Busiest man at the show was gray-haired, genial fifty-five-year-old Dr. Samuel Milbank, Chairman of the Bench Show Committee. To him went much of the credit for the show's success—and most of the attendant headaches. An M.D. from Cornell, Doctor Milbank has been bitten hard by his major hobby, and to-day it comes first in his major interests.

The turn-over for Westminster is about $70,000. Usually solvent, the show went under $600 last year. Any surplus is used for expansion. The Committee's hardest job is selecting satisfactory judges. "Keeping owners and dogs happy" comes next.

Doctor Milbank likes to fish and shoot, admits to a "rotten game of golf," and belongs to so many dog clubs he's beginning to wonder how he can get out of some of them. Altho Westminster takes up most of his time, he manages to get around to most of the other big shows, prefers field trials to bench shows.

He used to collect books, but confines his literary interests now to a quiet passion for Dickens, a wolfish dislike for Sinclair Lewis.

Only once was he bitten by a dog. But that was a mistake. The fox-terrier was trying to nip another dog, and caught Doctor Milbank instead.

Finance and Industry

Battle of the Dollar Intensified

Resumption of Gold Exports Interpreted as Flight of Capital From U. S.; Inflation Bills in Hopper; Roosevelt Draws Purse-Strings

"The battle of money is on," David Lawrence writes in his syndicated newspaper column. "Pressure in the House of Representatives to issue printing-press money to pay off government debts and obligations is growing."

This scare of inflation broke out on several sectors early last week. Many stocks on the New York Stock Exchange raced to the highest prices since 1931. In foreign exchange markets the dollar dropped in terms of other currencies until it became profitable to ship gold. For the first time in nearly two years stevedores loaded gold consigned to Europe on east-bound Atlantic liners.

"Out of Washington comes the rumbling of inflation like distant thunderclaps preceding a storm," the St. Louis *Star-Times* (Ind.) noted. "The South Sea Islanders can tell if the early signs before a storm presage an ordinary blow or a hurricane. We wonder if the financial sages can detect from present signs whether we are in for an ordinary financial flurry or a devastating storm of inflation."

The New York *Journal of Commerce* recalled that this country had imported well over $2,800,000,000 of gold during the last two years, much of it seeking safety in American banks and investments. It looked upon the present reverse movement of about $20,000,000 as "both a normal and desirable development.

Flight of Capital

"However," *The Journal* commented, "it is by no means clear that the current weakness of foreign exchange is due primarily to the withdrawal of European funds from this country. The flight of American capital is at least of equal importance, there is good reason to believe. Why are Americans sending their money abroad again as they did in 1932 and 1933?

"The answer is not far to seek. There are two blocs in the House of Representatives which are openly and firmly committed to the printing of greenbacks. . . ."

Later in the week President Roosevelt clarified somewhat the Government's financial picture. After conferring with the heads of Federal emergency spending agencies he announced that authorizations totaling $1,000,000,000 neither needed nor spent by these agencies would be canceled.

Altho the President denied that the move constituted a tightening of Federal purse-strings, some observers took hope.

"Any gesture toward retrenchment now at Washington, even a rather negative one, is heartily welcome," the Boston *News Bureau* (Ind.) rejoiced. "Hence the prompt popular approval likely for the President's proposal to curb Federal lending powers of HOLC, RFC, *et al*, with aim of canceling a billion or so of unused authorization. . . . Experience shows what a political temptation are available unspent funds."

From this step, the President moved to another conference with his tax advisers about ways to raise taxes for the farm program and, possibly, cash payment of the bonus.

Inflation Bills

Meanwhile on the other side of the Capitol, Congressmen got busy with currency-expansion bills.

"We anticipate the probability of taxes being requested for payment of the veterans' bonus," Representative Wright Patman, Democrat, of Texas, leader of the "soft money" bloc, said. "We want to be in position to obtain consideration of a proposal to issue currency on the gold and silver stocks in the Treasury in place of levying taxes."

"The indefatigable Representative Patman is working hard to link payment of the bonus with a plan for inflating the currency, as an alternative to either taxation or borrowing," the Washington *Post* (Ind.) commented. "There is an effort to camouflage the fact that notes issued for such purposes would be pure fiat money."

Said the Indianapolis *Star* (Ind.-Rep.): "The President is likely to need all the courage and support he can muster to cope with the inflationists in Congress who are bent on meeting Government bills without resorting to additional tax-raising or any sound borrowing policies. There are some in Congress who are clamoring for the issuance of printing-press money by the billions to pay the bonus, to finance farm loans and for other purposes.

Persistent Drive

"It would be a waste of time for any one but their constituents to argue with them. They may be honest in their error, but they are persistent and only a prospect of losing their seats in Congress seems likely to have any effect on them.

"There are, of course, many in both branches of Congress who realize what it would mean to open the flood-gates of inflation. They should be backed by public sentiment in the fight to save the country from the menace of cheap money."

"If a man's house is mortgaged to its full value," the Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.) explained, "he could—if he found a witling to loan him the money—slap a second mortgage on it, also to its full value. But the second mortgage would be worth nothing.

"That is about all we can see in the numerous proposals to have the Government issue currency against the $10,176,000,000 of gold held in the Treasury. Most of it is mortgaged as security for gold certificates issued by the Government when it called in all the gold in the country."

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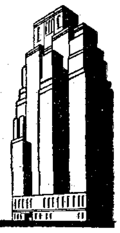

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Chrysler's $2,300,000 Valentines

Bonus Gifts Made to Employees from Record Earnings; Company's Relations With Employees Called Energizing Influence

Courtesy of *The Detroit News*

Bonus story: Chrysler employees find that good business brings extra pay

Mail-men's bags will bulge as usual on February 14 with lacy, beribboned messages. In contrast, the Chrysler Corporation will send plain black and white slips of paper to its 59,000 employees on that day, but these will be as welcome as the fanciest valentine.

The slips will represent bonus gifts, from earnings, of $2,300,000. Fixing Valentine's Day for delivery was purely accidental, K. T. Keller, rugged, black-haired President of the company, said in making the announcement.

The cash goes to present employees who were listed on the pay-roll during any part of the first quarter of 1935. The minimum payment will be $30, with $2 extra for each year of service up to ten years.

Record Earnings

Other cheering news also came from the company last week. The Board of Directors announced that earnings during 1935 were $34,975,000, or $8.07 a share, a new record. They declared a dividend of $1 a share, payable at the end of the present quarter.

The earnings compare with last year's profit of $9,535,000.

Detroit newspapers reflect the rejoicing over the bonus of the 54,000 Chrysler workers who live in that city.

"What the Chrysler Corporation has done is admirable, but not surprizing," said the Detroit *Free Press*. "It has long been a matter of general knowledge that the relations between the company and the men in its factories are based on good understanding, fair dealing, material helpfulness, and mutual appreciation.

"These are energizing influences that permeate far when generated by so large a machine. . . . This gives 1936 a good start."

Walter P. Chrysler, Chairman of the Board, explained the reason behind the bonus:

"We are endeavoring in every practical way to offset the effects of the seasonal character of this automobile business on the stability of employment. . . .

"Our aim is to develop in the plant of the Chrysler Corporation a stable organization, well-trained by experience and willing to cooperate with the management. . . ."

Squarely behind these efforts stands President Keller, descendant of thrifty Bavarians, who succeeded Mr. Chrysler as President last year. He believes one of the best ways to improve his product is to have enthusiastic workmen. He understands well their view-point, for his own background is in the shops.

He still bears the scars of white-hot steel from his days in a Pennsylvania steel plant.

"A workman is President of the Chrysler Corporation," said the New York *World-Telegram* at the time of his election, "a man who rose through the shop ranks, and who never went to college. . . . He is one of the few presidents of major corporations who is not a college graduate.

"But Mr. Keller did not need a formal education. His greatest passion has been finding things out for himself, and in doing this he has become one of the most thoroughly self-educated men, industrially speaking, in American business."

Two-Fisted Executive

To-day, at fifty, he is a two-fisted, hearty executive, with a tremendous zest for his job. When in the steel mill he used to run cross-country races. Now he likes fishing, golf, and boating in the summer and skating in the winter.

But he also enjoys the quieter excitement of a session over the chess-board or bridge table after a day of wrestling with problems of motor-car building.

In the industrial world he is best known as a production organizer and a cost-reducer, but one who will stand for no tinkering with the quality of his product.

Associates credit him with cutting in half the floor-space used by Dodge within ninety days.

The walls of his office reflect his character. From them look down the pictures of Washington, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, and an old snap-shot of Mount Joy, Pennsylvania, his home-town.

Bulging Box-Office Tills

Resentment against salacious motion-pictures crystallized last year into the Legion of Decency. Catholics, Episcopalians, and members of other sects joined in a pledge to boycott pictures that offended Christian morality.

"Hollywood was aghast at the Legion of Decency menace," C. F. Morgan wrote in *The Magazine of Wall Street*. "Disaster was imminent with ethical restrictions so definite.

"But note the result," his article, "Sunrise over Hollywood," continued. "Alienated theatergoers have been attracted in hundreds of thousands and the producers have been encouraged to make some really fine pictures which have proved of inestimable value in attracting patronage.

"'Magnificent Obsession,' which frankly topped a million to produce, will return every cent of its cost with a handsome profit. 'Mutiny on the Bounty' will show a startling profit from its English exhibition alone. 'A Tale of Two Cities' is going great guns; 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer' has reaped profits wherever shown, and such offerings as 'The Gay Divorcee' and 'Top Hat' are forming lines at box-offices.

Million-Dollar Films

"All of these pictures have cost in the million bracket and every one of them has justified its cost.

"And so under their noses the picture producers are having proved that which they have been told time and time through the years, viz: the biggest entertainment successes have always been above proof morally.

"Perhaps the operatic cycle is due to end, maybe the historical and biographical obsession will pass within the year, but they will have served their turn in elevating the taste of the cinematic public to levels that the exhibitor with the nickelodeon mind can not understand.

"And if and when they do pass, other as attractive cycles will take their place, and some, at least, of the producers who keep their ears close to the ground are beginning to suspect that the next important cycle will have a strong spiritual bent. . . .

"A year ago theatrical attendance throughout the land was nothing to become hysterical about," the article stated, backing its assertion with figures. "Six months or so ago the total weekly attendance had moved up from some 60,000,000 weekly to a little better than 80,000,000 and to-day the official figures for the nation show that close to 95,000,000 people each week step up to the box-office and slide their silver over to the blonde behind the glass partition."

Paid Advertising by Word-of-Mouth

Teams of Verbal Propagandists Work Trains in Nation-Wide Campaign; New Method of Salesmanship Criticized and Defended

UPTOWN
GET CHANGE
NO EXIT
NO EXIT

Wide World

When the crowd gathers, the verbal advertising begins

"The 'trained verbal propagandist' is something new in advertising," Robert Littell and John J. McCarthy write in the latest issue of *Harpers Magazine*.

"As yet—fortunately—he is not very common, but there may be a big future ahead of him. There are already a number of national advertising agencies and some smaller and less reputable ones, which are experimenting on a large scale with verbal propaganda and believe in its value."

How They Operate

To demonstrate how verbal propagandists operate, the article picks a certain five-fifteen Philadelphia suburban train.

"Those of the commuters who were lucky enough to find seats are hidden behind the evening newspapers. The aisle is jammed with others who were not so lucky. Two of them are standing right beside you: a moderately prosperous-looking business man with octagonal spectacles, and a younger man in the uniform of a chauffeur. They are talking, but what they are trying to say is drowned out as the train roars into a tunnel. . . .

"Americans spend a great deal of their time thinking about things and about buying them. Those two men beside you for instance. The one in the chauffeur's uniform is now saying to the business man with the octagonal glasses: 'Yes, Mr. Bradley, those God-sent tires are the best I ever put on the boss's car.'

" 'You don't say, John,' answers the business man; 'how many thousand miles do you get out of them?'

"They have good ringing voices, these two, and some of the commuters nearest to them glance up, automatically, and seem to be listening to . . . the loud voices of the chauffeur and the business man. The former is saying:

" 'Those God-sent tires have gone twenty-two thousand miles, and they are just as good as ever. Why, the tread is hardly worn.'

" 'Is that so?' answers the business man: 'I guess I'll get a set for my bus; they sound good to me, and you ought to know, John. What did you say their name was?'

" 'God-sent,' says the chauffeur. 'God-sent Non-Skid Four-Ply Balloons.'

"The chauffeur speaks with the confidence of experience, and the business man nods assent. . . .

"These two men we have been watching are small cogs in a nation-wide campaign for a tire—whose name is not of course 'God-sent.' While they talk and ride, and get out and ride and talk again, four other teams of verbal propagandists, dressed as they were and rehearsed in the same conversation, are working other trains, subways, and elevateds.

"The advertising agency which employed Mr. Bradley and John and their eight colleagues undertook to cover Philadelphia with a barrage of God-sent tire-talk for twenty-one days. Fifteen days would have been long enough for a city of a million; a longer period would be necessary in New York. . . .

Trained Propagandists

"The working propagandists are paid about four dollars a day. They have to be imported from somewhere else, for they mustn't be recognized by their listeners. They have to be trained, for amateurs would be self-conscious, and a considerable degree of practise and skill is required in order to say something over and over again in public with complete naturalness. They must be dressed for the part or cast to fit its requirements. John and Mr. Bradley—tho they earn less than thirty dollars a week apiece—are in character, and look like men they pretend to be. . . .

"The method may strike you as not quite ethical. The propagandists are in disguise. They are listened to and believed because they seem to be unbiased. That is their strength from the practical point of view; but there is another point of view. The agencies which deal in such propaganda do not think it wrong. One of their representatives puts the case for it fairly persuasively:

" 'I don't see how our methods,' he says, 'differ from those of any other publicizing or advertising organization. When a Fifth Avenue dressmaker wants to popularize his creations he hires models to mingle with the crowds in smart hotels, at the theater, at the races. They don't wear his label, they pass for society women. . . .'

"There are limits of course to the method so ably pursued by chauffeur John and Mr. Bradley," the article concluded. "If too many manufacturers try to plant their own word-of-mouth good-will, the public will eventually catch on. And the propaganda will become a nasty boomerang, for no one likes to be fooled in just this way.

"The trick may work beautifully a few times in a few scattered places, but let it once become general, and not only will the public be extremely cross, but peaceful private life will be poisoned. As people go about the city, they will be on the alert for chance remarks in which may be buried the barbed hook of salesmanship.

"Any one who says an audible good word for something which may be bought will be accused of talking for a living. Some of the most popular topics of conversation, such as the merits of one's car *versus* one's neighbor's, the swapping of notes about radios, cigarettes, golf-balls, will be open to suspicion."

Du Pont's Big Earnings

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company started as a powder-mill in 1802. Powder profits, however, played only a minor part in the announcement last week that the company earned $55,676,000 in 1935 to apply to its common stock. This was $5.04 per share.

Hunting and military powder combined stood eleventh on the list of products that made up the total. Rayon, other fabrics, Cellophane, and many other chemical products far outranked it.

Pierre S. du Pont, Chairman of the Board, partially explained the 19 per cent. increase in volume of business that lifted profits above last year's $40,145,000:

"A factor contributing importantly to the increase . . . was the action of the automotive industry, which consumed directly and indirectly the company's products, in advancing to the fall of 1935 the introduction of new models. . . ."

Even more important in the automobile-du Pont relationship were the ten million shares of General Motors stock owned by the chemical corporation. They contributed $22,497,000 of the year's profits.

Extraordinary Showing

The Wall Street Journal saw still other reasons for the rosy report:

"Earnings of the du Pont chemical business were by far the largest in the company's history. . . . This extraordinary showing is in the face of a decline of 36 per cent. in the average price of du Pont's products since 1928. . . .

"It is the direct result of the heavy expenditures for research which have built up a series of new and profitable products during the depression."

The Open Forum

Townsend

Sir:—In a recent issue the DIGEST writer, referring to the Townsend Plan, says: "It has one plank. This calls for the payment of $200 a month to every citizen sixty years old or over. No strings are attached."

Considering the published requirements for eligibility and the fact that the Government will tell the pensioner how, when, and where to spend the money, there seems to be some ground for belief that there are a few "strings attached."

Those who read H. R. 7154 will find that it is, "A Bill to provide for the general welfare of the United States by supplying to the people a more liberal distribution and increase of purchasing power, retiring certain citizens from active gainful employment, improving and stabilizing gainful employment for other citizens, stimulating agricultural and industrial production and general business, and alleviating the hazards and insecurity of old age; to provide a method whereby citizens shall contribute to the purchase of and receive a retirement annuity."

This may be only "one plank" but it seems to constitute a rather comprehensive program.
Peoria, Illinois. ETHEL B. LONG.

CCC

Sir:—I was much interested in the article in your issue of January 25 entitled "A General Tests the CCC Boy."

It appears to me that the cause of the physical condition of the CCC recruits is partial malnutrition—the lack of the more expensive foods containing the protein, vitamins, etc., that are so essential to growing youth.

Can it not be, also, that the lack of patriotism shown is a result of these conditions? Would they not naturally feel some resentment toward their country, which permitted them to be deprived of their natural heritage of health and strength? PETER A. MCDONALD.
Seattle.

Sir:—With reference to the article "A General Tests the CCC Boy" in THE LITERARY DIGEST.

I have been in the CCC for twenty months as a clerk. One of my duties was the recruiting of boys for the camps. I can honestly say that the boys were always eager to go. There was always a surplus of boys on hand who were greatly disappointed because the county quota was filled.

Before one criticizes the young man who is about to enter the CCC, let it be remembered that he is not a model of American youth. He is being given a chance to rehabilitate himself. Criticism is meted out to the CCC applicant because he is sadly in need of dental care, because he is not in the best of health and is not in a strong muscular condition. One must realize that if he had the money to care for his teeth, had a steady job to keep his muscular ability and earned enough to eat three square meals a day it would not be necessary for him to join the CCC camp. R. W. PLAGGE.
Willow Springs, Illinois.

Farm Control

Sir:—From reading "Helping or 'Beguiling' the Farmer" in your issue of February 1, I conclude that the Baltimore *Sun* is disturbed over the possibility that the Federal Government has no power to *regulate* (reduce) and that the States have no power to *control* (reduce) farm production. *The Sun* then propounds this question: "If the Federal Government lacks the power to *control* (reduce) production, and if it turns out that the States also lack that power, then who has it?"

Having been reared on a farm and having personally brought quite a few acres of raw land into cultivation, I feel qualified to answer *The Sun's* question. In my opinion the farmer still has that power. I. W. INGRAM.
Jay, Oklahoma.

Mail-Guard's Guns

Sir:—Please pass the word to the artist who painted the picture of "The Mail-Dispatcher," in your January 23 issue, to have the dispatcher get a proper holster for his revolver.
Sun City, Kansas. C. H. MARQUESS.

[See "The Open Forum," February 8.—*Editor.*]

Telescope "Eye"

Sir:—A news item in your January 25 issue states, in effect, that scientists at Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York, are preparing to ship the world's largest telescope mirror to Mt. Wilson Observatory near Pasadena, California.

Is this another move to put Los Angeles County out in front? This telescope, the largest in the world, will be erected on Palomar Mountain, San Diego, fully one hundred miles from Mt. Wilson.
San Diego, California. L. J. HEADLEY.

[The big glass is being sent to Pasadena to a special optical works which is under the direction of the California Institute of Technology. In about four years, the completed telescope will be assembled on Palomar Mountain.—*Editor.*]

F.D.R. and Bonus

Sir:—Let it be said to the honor of Franklin D. Roosevelt that in the veto of the soldiers' bonus bill he showed a courage and faithfulness to duty unsurpassed by any benefited ex-soldier. JACOB H. SCHAEFFER.
Schoharie, New York.

Salad

Sir:—Thomas L. Cheatham of Chicago in a recent issue of THE DIGEST has bravely taken up the cudgels against being served salads dressed up with nobody knows what. That strikes a responsive chord in me. Let's keep the ball rolling.

For the sake of being polite I have sometimes eaten salads covered with whatever scraps of dressings the ice-box contained, no matter how rancid, stale or sloppy; oftentimes, it seemed to me, eked out with stale cream, acid vinegar, cream cheese none too fresh, etc.

Why should otherwise careful hostesses spoil fresh crisp vegetables without so much as saying "by your leave"? SALLIE NEWELL.
Casper, Wyoming.

Radio

Sir:—In the January 11 issue I read "Music: The Scenery of Radio," which was most interesting.

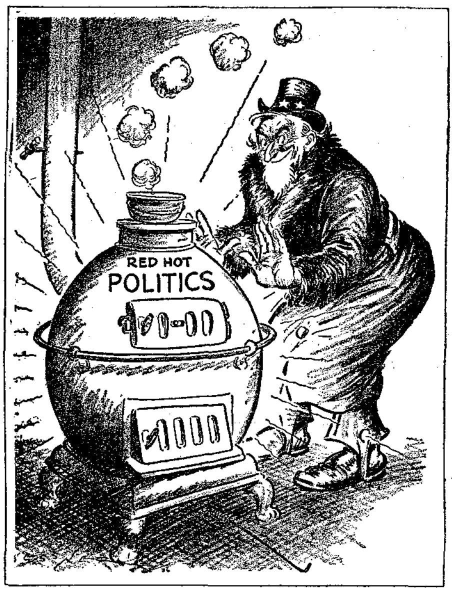
There was only one thing wrong. It was so short.

I wish you would continue the story of the theme-song of our leading programs.
Butte, Montana. CARLAS RAWLS.

Denominations

Sir:—For years I have been of the opinion of Dr. Finis Idleman and Dr. E. Stanley Jones, on Christian Unity as referred to by W. J. Hastie in THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A person can be a Christian without being religious. Being religious does not qualify one as a Christian. Quality of life and not opinion is the test of character.



"Cold Weather? Pshaw!"
—*Messner in the Albany* Knickerbocker Press

Outside the theological delusions of the different churches there is practically no discernible difference in the various denominations, except, of course, freak denominations.
Phoenix, Arizona. WALTER C. DAY.

Smith and Issue

Sir:—The Republican Party is groping for a candidate and an issue. Here are both ready-made. By nominating Smith it would make proper atonement for once having raised the religious issue. By adopting the last, perhaps the everlasting last, platform of the Democratic Party, it would express its present position.
Los Angeles. E. E. CHANDLER.

Women

Sir:—It is always interesting to hear a man arguing for large families.

Bearing and raising children is no union job. It is a twenty-four-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week job. The woman puts in 168 hours a week while her husband puts in thirty!

And as the young college men are trying to get out of defending the country and do not even want to put in a few hours at high school learning how to use their backbone and how to hold a gun, I suppose the women will soon have to take over that job, also!
SARAH HAYES MARSHALL.
Chicago.

Slams Court

Sir:—Many writers in your columns appear to be dumfounded at the attempts of the New Dealers.

Others are amazed at the repudiation of New Deal measures by the Supreme Court. There is nothing amazing or astounding in the decisions made by the Supreme Court. Six of them are Republicans and seven of them are ex-corporation lawyers. That is a pretty safe margin to stop any legislation against corporations. C. E. RIEHL.
Griffith, Indiana.

Safe Driving

Sir:—So much emphasis has been placed upon the unhappy results of careless, thoughtless and reckless driving, it is high time to stress the pleasures and enjoyments to be derived from the safe and sane operation of the motor vehicle.

I have been driving regularly for about ten years and have never had an accident of any kind. I have never received a ticket for any reason whatsoever. I follow this special rule: I try to so drive that, even tho the other fellow be in the wrong, I still shall not become involved. R. C. O'BRIEN.
New York.

Current Events

February 1.—Archbishop Michael J. Curley of Baltimore heads Catholic Bishops' Commission, Incorporated, a new organization, with offices in New York, authorized by hierarchy of United States to raise funds to aid oppressed Catholics and other religious groups in Mexico.

Delegates to Washington Convention of United Mine Workers of America vote unanimous approval of Roosevelt Administration and authorize Executive Board to contribute to campaign for his reelection and solicit contributions from several thousand local unions.

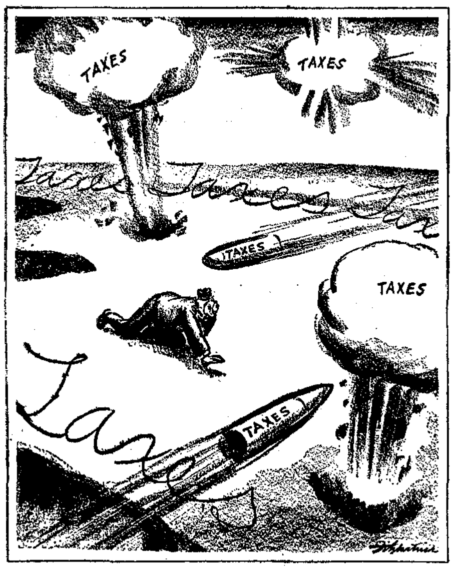
International Seamen's Union, Marine Engineers Beneficial Association, and National Organization of Masters, Mates, and Pilots of America unite in Washington to form National Maritime Labor Council with aim of uniting all marine unions of nation into one organization.

Coal-miners in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Alabama give up Saturday holiday and abandon thirty-five-hour week temporarily in effort to relieve coal shortage after eleven days of unprecedented cold; unions back move.

National Pacific Aircraft and Boat Show opens at Los Angeles; new all-metal, sixteen-passenger, twelve-ton sleeper or "Sky Pullman" built by Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc., for American Air-lines, Inc., is main attraction; plane will be put in service on New York-Chicago route in March.

February 2.—Dirigible sent by Red Cross lands five-days' food and other supplies on Tangier Island in Chesapeake Bay to relieve 1,500 persons marooned for two weeks.

National Conference for Palestine, meeting in Washington, votes complete boycott of all Nazi products and pledges support to campaign to raise $3,500,000 to promote upbuilding of National Jewish Home in Palestine and emigration of Jews from Germany; Dr. Stephen S. Wise of New York elected National Chairman of United Palestine Appeal.



Paths Without Glory

—*Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch

Three men killed and four seriously injured when sixty-five-foot fishing boat, the *Olympia*, is destroyed by explosion off Lower California coast near Cape San Lucas; all were members of boat's crew and were picked up by the *Romanicia*, which was standing by.

February 3.—Senator James P. Pope of Idaho introduces bill in Senate requiring concurrence of more than two-thirds of Supreme Court to invalidate a Federal Statute.

Face of Andrew Jackson, seventh President, will grace the soldiers' bonus bonds; they will look much like other governmental issues, altho somewhat smaller.

Three banks in New York receive licenses to ship gold to France and a fourth to ship to The Netherlands; first export shipments of gold since 1934.

North American Wild Life Conference opens in Washington; President Roosevelt sends message urging all to unite for "a common purpose and a common program"; Jay N. Darling ("Ding") says failure to act would result in incalculable cash losses.

February 4.—General strike called by labor unions in Pekin, Illinois, ties up nearly all city's business; National Guardsmen massed in near-by Peoria, ready for riot-duty.

Senator Borah of Idaho announces his candidacy for Republican nomination for the Presidency.

Six persons dead as result of torrential rains and melting snow in Alabama, North Carolina, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida; many trains delayed.

Los Angeles police block every highway and railway entrance to California from Oregon, Nevada, and Arizona; prepared to take into "technical custody" all persons who have "no definite purpose" for entering State; purpose is to keep "unemployment and crime conditions to a minimum."

National Safety Council reports 99,000 persons killed in accidents in the United States last year, 365,000 permanently injured, 9,100,000 temporarily disabled; property damage, wage loss, and medical expenses of accidents totaled approximately $3,000,000,000.

February 5.—Republican State Committee of New Jersey, meeting at Trenton, "proposes to assume its rightful place of leadership and to exercise the authority vested in it by law"; action curbs power of Governor Hoffman as Party leader.

Advisers to President Roosevelt decide to recommend nation-wide, low-cost housing program based on cheap Federal loans to local communities. It is estimated that a million families will be aided under the new plan. Interest rates may be as low as 1 per cent. on the money.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Borzage—motion-picture director (p. 24)—stress on *zay*, and hard *g*: *bor-zay'gee.*

Derby—17th Earl of—every horseman knows it's *darby.*

Gennaro Papi—opera conductor—as if spelled *jen-nah'ro pah'pee.*

Iddesleigh—3d Earl of—just *idds'ly. Northcote,* the family name, is *north'cut.*

Lagerlöf—Swedish author—*o* as in *word;* hence *lah'ger-lov.*

Nazimova—actress (p. 19)—stress second syllable: *nah-zee'mo-vah.*

Santayana—author (p. 28)—stress *ya,* each *a* of *ah;* or, *sahn-tah-yah'nah.*

Stokowski—orchestra conductor (p. 20)—as if written *sto-kov'skee.*

Taurog—movie director (p. 24)—rimes with *raw dog: taw'rog.*

Wodehouse—family name, Earl of Kimberley—it's *wood'house.*

Purchases of air-planes, machine-guns and bombs amounting to more than $3,000,000 made in United States by China during January; purchases accounted for almost three-fourths of total American sales of arms, ammunition, etc., to foreign countries during that month, according to State Department announcement.

TVA electricity will be made available to fourteen western Tennessee towns by seventy-five miles of new rural lines approved by the Tennessee Valley Authority; towns are in Hardin, McNairy, and Chester Counties.

February 6.—New York State has one filling-station for every eighty motor vehicles, according to Mark Graves, State Commissioner of Taxation and Finance; 29,822 filling-stations licensed last year, as compared to 2,395,144 motor vehicles.

Threatened strike by 20,000 elevator operators and other building-service employees called off in New York City when employers grant wage increase, reduction of hours and closed shop benefits to members of Building Service Employees' International Union.

Repeal of Bankhead Cotton Act, Kerr-Smith Tobacco Act, and Potato Act of 1935 voted by both Houses of Congress.

Chancellor Adolf Hitler formally opens fourth Winter Olympic Games at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, before 80,000 spectators. American athletes receive no applause.

Union leaders call off Pekin, Illinois, general strike, after group of merchants decide to open 200 stores and demand police protection.

United Mine Workers vote to increase salary of their President, John L. Lewis, from $12,000 to $25,000, as large number of delegates voice strenuous protest. Other officers of organization also receive raises.

Ad Man and Author at 22

"Took the N.I.A. course at the unripe age of eighteen. Today at the slightly riper age of twenty-two am Assistant Eastern Advertising Manager of The Billboard, and editor of Advents, monthly newspaper of the Association of Advertising Men of New York. Have just sold a story to Famous Detective Cases for $185. So as an ad man and author permit me to say, 'If you want to write ad copy or fiction, try N.I.A.'"
Joseph G. Csida, Jr.
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Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken all of a sudden to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write*. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

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Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors, and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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Why don't you write?

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Trained.—TOURIST (in Yellowstone Park)—"Those Indians have a blood-curdling yell."

GUIDE—"Yes, ma'am; every one of 'em is a college graduate!"—*Christian Leader.*

Getting Right Along.—"A telegram from George, dear."

"Well, did he pass the examination this time?"

"No, but he is almost at the top of the list of those who failed."—*Windsor Star.*

Big Job, Too.—JUDGE (to amateur yegg)—"So they caught you with this bundle of silverware. Whom did you plunder?"

YEGG—"Two fraternity houses, your honor."

JUDGE (to sergeant)—"Call up the downtown hotels and distribute this stuff."—*Montana Banker.*

Agreeable Laddie.—"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly on Wee Wullie.

"Round," said Wee Wullie.

"How do you know it's round?" asked the teacher.

"Well," says Wullie, "it's square then; I dinna want ony argument aboot it."—*Dundas Star.*

Losing No Time.—"Now, suppose," said the teacher, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife knows his peril and, hearing his screams, rushes immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?"

Whereupon a boy exclaimed, "To draw his insurance money."—*Santa Fe Magazine.*

All Important.—The undersized husband was trying on the overcoat his wife had bought him for Christmas.

"You know, dear," he said, gazing at himself in the mirror, "this is a nice present and all that, and don't think that I'm ungrateful. But really, isn't it much too big for me?"

"I know, my dear," she returned. "But we can't help that. You must remember that it's got to cover the radiator of the car in cold weather. We have to consider that first, haven't we?"—*Answers.*

Something Wrong Somewhere.—Dad had been ill for several weeks but was still keenly interested in the way the farm work was being carried on.

"Dave," he said, "'ow are th' cows goin'?"

"Not too bad," Dave vouchsafed. "Gettin' about ten gallons a day."

"Ain't so bad," Dad agreed. "'Ow much skim milk are we sellin'?"

"Nine gallons a day, Dad."

"How much cream?"

"Three gallons an' a bit, Dad."

The man in the bed did a bit of complicated mental addition. Then his smile vanished. "Wot th' 'ell are you doin' with the rest?" he demanded.—*Smith's Weekly (Sydney).*

Low Speed High.—CLAIMS AGENT—"Here's another farmer who is suing us on account of cows."

OFFICIAL—"One of our trains has killed them, I suppose?"

AGENT—"No, he claims our trains go so slow that the passengers lean out the windows and milk the cows as they go by."—*Canadian National Railways.*

Just a Sample.—It was a sultry day, and the two sailors had just been released from a hot spell of duty aboard.

Immediately they reached shore, they made a bee-line for the first public house they saw, and ordered two quarts of ale.

The men emptied their tankards in one draught, whilst the barmaid looked on in undisguised admiration.

The man who had paid stood a second or two wetting his lips meditatively, and then turned to his comrade with a grin. "Tain't so bad, Bill, is it?" he remarked. "Shall we have some?"—*Humorist (London).*

Slips That Pass in the Type

Striking Ensemble.—The bride wore a white velvet match.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) paper.*

Pay as You Leave.—There will be a nominal dismission charge for the show and dance.—*San Jose (Calif.) paper.*

Body or Soul?—W. E. S. —— occupy their home while they are away; sailing February 4.—*Omaha (Nebr.) paper.*

Infant Sleuths?—Thinking it was a waiter, opened it and in stormed Mrs. C—— with an armful of private detectives.—*Boston paper.*

News, Indeed.—Growing Lighter—Sunrise is gradually becoming earlier each morning, and later at night.—*Santa Barbara (Calif.) paper.*

Soup and Silver.—This substantial price reduction on silver flatware was made possible by a decline in the bouillon market.—*Birmingham (Ala.) paper.*

Outboard Motor?—F——— S——— and nttttttnt and ntntntn nt nntn neeetaao F——— of the Smithton neighborhood visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Z———, Tuesday.—*Cole Camp (Mo.) paper.*

Why Not a Triangular Oval?—Another development approved by the Park Commissioners yesterday in Mount Airy Forest is a thirty-six-foot rectangular circle for a council ring or fireplace of the type used by Boy Scouts.—*Cincinnati paper.*

Meanest Bride in Town.

HARTFORD GIRL IS BRIDE
OF HUNTINGDON PASTOR

Robs One-Legged Man and
Then Hides Crutches,
Charge

—*Altoona (Pa.) paper.*

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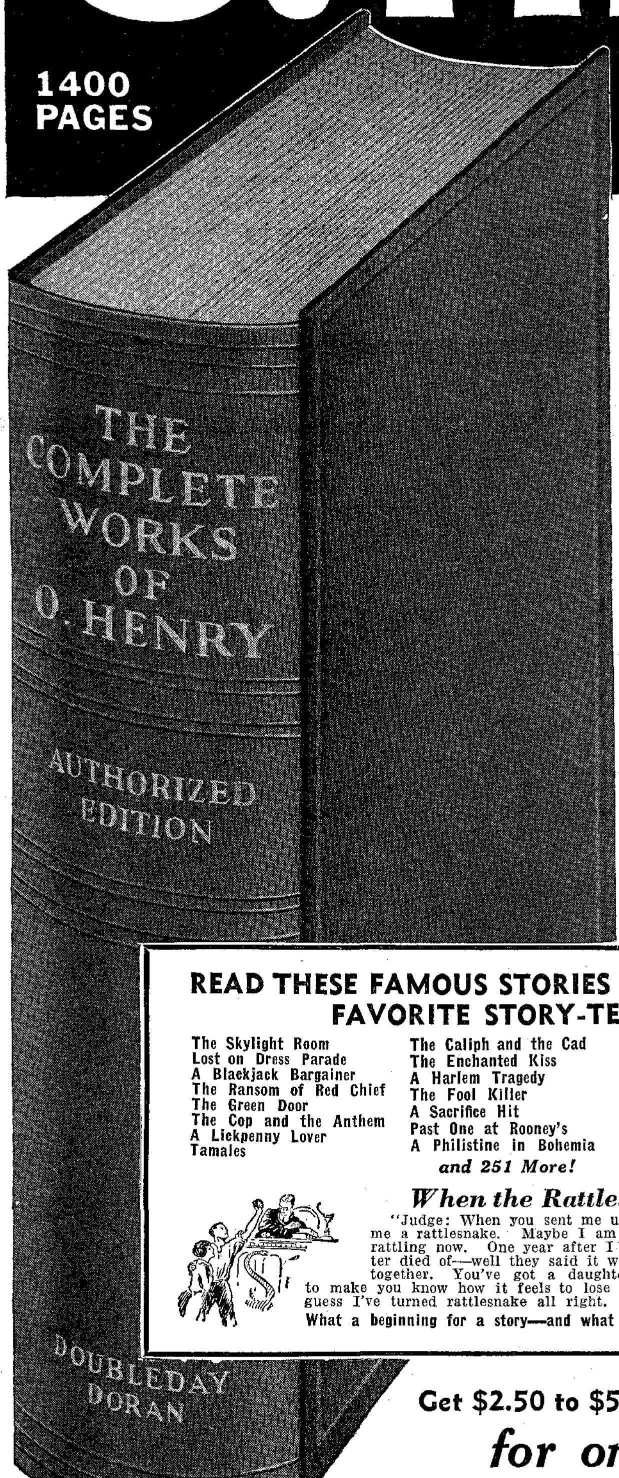

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The Brief Debut of Tildy
Transients in Arcadia
The Shocks of Doom
Man About Town
From the Cabby's Seat

and 251 More!

When the Rattlesnake Struck

"Judge: When you sent me up for four years you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike."

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